THE

Repository

OF

ARTS, LITERATURE, COMMERCE,

Manufactures, Fashions, and Politics,

For AUGUST, 1813.

VOL. X.

The Fifty-sixth Number.

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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We earnestly solicit communications (post paid) from the professors of the arts in general, as well as authors, respecting works which they may have in hand. We conceive that the evident advantage which must accrue to both from the more extensive publicity that will be given to their productions through the medium of the Repository, *needs only to be mentioned, to induce them to favour us with such information, which shall always meet with the most prompt attention.*

We fear with J. H. R. *that his* Epistle *has not sufficient interest for the readers of the Repository.*

The correspondent who proposes to furnish matter for a monthly Olio, *is probably not aware, that we have already an article of a nearly similar nature, with which we shall have no objection to incorporate such of his anecdotes as appear worth preserving. The other paper transmitted by him, has been handed to the conductor of the department for which it was designed.*

The Tour through Derbyshire and Part of Staffordshire, *is received, and notwithstanding its age, will, we doubt not, prove acceptable to our readers.*

How far Crito *may be in the right, we presume not to determine, but are sure that we should be all in the wrong, were we to give his letter a place in our pages.*

Several poetical pieces, signed Anna, J. C., Pindar junior, *and* Oxoniensis, *are below par. Some others are deferred this month, owing to want of room.*

Our next number will be accompanied with an engraving and description of a new and ingenious invention for preserving the Lives of shipwrecked Persons.

The Proprietor begs leave to remind such of his Readers as have imperfect sets of the Repository, of the necessity of an early application for the deficiences, in order to prevent disappointment. Those who chuse to return their Numbers to the Publisher, may have them exchanged for Volumes in a variety of bindings, at the rate of 5s. per Volume.

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———The suffrage of the wise,
The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd
By sense alone, and dignity of mind.

ARMSTRONG.

CONVERSATIONS ON THE ARTS.—By JUNINUS.

(*Continued from p. 8.*)

MISS *Eve.* Suppose, in order to change the subject, you give me some particulars of such of Hogarth's designs as you have not already mentioned.

Miss *K.* I believe the prints by Hogarth that I have not mentioned, are chiefly, — *Orator Henley christening a Child*, etched by Sl. Ireland, and dedicated to Captain F. Grose; — *Taste in High Life*, Wm. Hogarth pinx. 1742; Sl. Phillips sc.; *The Royal Masquerade at Somerset-House*, Thos. Cook sc.;—*Beggars' Opera, Mr. Walker as Macheath, Miss Fenton as Polly*, W. Blake sc.; *Lord Lovat on Trial*, etched by Ireland; who also etched a Landscape from an original picture in his possession, said to be the only landscape ever painted by Hogarth. This print is dedicated to the Earl of Exeter. I believe I noticed *The Shrimp-Girl*, which, with the exception of *Mary Queen of Scots*, is the only print from Hogarth that I have ever seen engraved by Bartolozzi.

Miss *Eve.* What ladies have been honoured by the burin of this admirable engraver?

Miss *K.* In this port-folio are several ladies that have been thus honoured—here is a portrait of Angelica Kauffmann, *ex Academia Regali Artium Londini*, from Sir Joshua Reynolds, 1780.

Miss *Eve.* This ingenious paintress seems to have been very beautiful in her time.

Miss *K.* Maria Cosway, the paintress, from her husband, Rd. Cosway, 1785. She is also a beautiful woman.—Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire, and her sister Lady Duncannon, both from Downman, for the scenery of Richmond House Theatre.—Lady Smith, from Sir Joshua Reynolds, 1789.—Whole-length of Miss Farren, now Coun-

tess of Derby, from Laurence.—George-Anne Bellamy, late of Covent-Garden Theatre, the face from a picture by Cotes, the figure modernized by Ramberg.—Lady Jane Dundas, from J. Hoppner, 1802.—Miss Gunning, from Saunders, 1796.—Front face of the late Duchess of Devonshire, from Nixon, 1789.—Profile of the same lady, with a book in her hand.—Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland, from William Hogarth.—Bartolozzi has engraved many other ladies. He has engraved more, as well as better, than any other artist in this country.

Miss *Eve.* Describe to me some of Hogarth's works.

Miss *K.* Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford, has written well on this subject. Come and recline on this couch, while I read his account.

Miss *Eve.* I am all attention.

Miss *K.* William Hogarth, upon the whole, should be considered rather as a writer of comedy with a pencil, than as a painter. If catching the manners and follies of an age, living as they rise; if general satires on vices, and ridicules familiarized by strokes of nature and heightened by wit, and the whole animated by a proper and just expression of the passions, be comedy, Hogarth composed comedies as much as Moliere. In his *Marriage à-la-Mode,* there is even an intrigue carried on throughout the piece. He is more true to character than Congreve. Each personage is distinct from the rest, acts in his sphere, and cannot be confounded with any other of the *dramatis personæ.* The alderman's footboy in the last print of the set I have just mentioned, is an ignorant rustic; and if wit is struck out from the characters in which it is not expected, it is from their acting conformably to their situation, and from the mode of the passions, not from their having the wit of fine gentlemen. Thus there is a wit in the figure of the alderman, who, when his daughter is expiring in the agonies of poison, wears a face of solicitude, but it is to save her gold ring, which he is drawing gently from her finger. The thought is parallel to Moliere's, where the miser puts out one of the candles as he is talking. Moliere, inimitable he has proved, brought a rude theatre to perfection. Hogarth had no model to follow and improve upon. He created his art, and used colours instead of language: his place is between the Italians whom we may consider as epic poets and tragedians, and the Flemish painters who are writers of farce and editors of burlesque nature. His subjects are universal, and amidst all his pleasantry, he observes the true end of comedy, reformation. Sometimes he rises to tragedy, not in the catastrophe of kings and heroes, but to mark how vice conducts insensibly and incidentally to misery and shame. He warns against encouraging idleness and cruelty in young minds, and discerns how the different vices of the great and the vulgar lead by various paths to the same unhappiness. The fine lady in *Marriage à-la-Mode,* and Tom Nero in the *Fourth Stage of Cruelty,* terminate their story in blood: she occasions the murder of her husband; he assassinates his mistress. How delicate and superior too is his satire! When he intimates in the College of Physicians and Surgeons

that preside at a dissection, how the legal habitude of viewing shocking scenes hardens the human mind and renders it unfeeling, the president maintains the dignity of insensibility over an executed corpse, and considers it but as the object of a lecture. In the print of the *Sleeping Judges,* this habitual indifference only excites our laughter. It is to Hogarth's honour, that, in so many scenes of satire or ridicule, it is obvious that ill-nature did not guide his pencil. His end is always reformation, and his reproofs general, except in the print of the *Times,* and the two portraits of Mr. Wilkes and Mr. Churchill that followed. No man, amidst such a profusion of characteristic faces, ever pretended to discover or to charge him with the caricature of a real person, except of such notorious characters as Chartres and Mother Needham, and a very few more, who are acting officially and suitably to their professions*. As he must have observed so carefully the operation of the passions on the countenance, it is even wonderful that he never delivered the features of any identical person; it is at the same time a proof of his intimate intuition into nature. But had he been too severe, the humanity of endeavouring to root out cruelty to animals would atone for many satires. It is another proof that he drew all his stores from nature and the force of his own genius, and was indebted neither to models nor books for his style, thoughts, or hints, that he never succeeded when he designed for the works of other men.

It is seldom that his figures do not express the character he intended to give them. When they wanted an illustration that colours could not bestow, collateral circumstances, full of wit, supply notes. The nobleman in *Marriage à-la-Mode* has a great air: the coronet on his crutches, and his pedigree issuing out of the bowels of William the Conqueror, add to his character. In the *Breakfast,* the old steward reflects for the spectator. Sometimes a short label is an epigram, and is never introduced without improving the subject. Unfortunately, some circumstances that were temporary will be lost to posterity, the fate of all comic authors; and if ever an author wanted a commentary, that none of his beauties might be lost, it is Hogarth; not from being obscure, for he never was, except in two or three of his first prints, where transient national follies, as lotteries, Free-Masonry, and the South Sea were his topics, but for the use of foreigners, and from a multiplicity of little incidents, not essential to, but always heightening the principal action, such as the spider's web extended over the poor's box in a parish church, the blunders in architecture in the nobleman's seat, seen through the window in the first plate of *Marriage à-la-Mode,* and a thousand in the strollers dressing in a barn, which, for wit and imagination, without any

* If Hogarth indulged his spirit of ridicule in personality, it never proceeded beyond sketches and drawings: his prints touched the folly, but spared the person. One of his early designs represented a noted miser, one of the sheriffs, trying a mastiff which had robbed his kitchen; but the magistrate's son went to his house, and cut the picture in pieces.

other end, I think the best of all his works, as for useful and deep satire that on the Methodists is the most sublime. The scenes of *Bedlam* and the *Gaming-House* are inimitable representations of our serious follies, or unavoidable woes; and the concern shewn by the lord mayor when the companion of his childhood is brought before him, is a touching picture, big with humane admonition and reflection.

Another instance of this author's genius is, his not condescending to explain his moral lessons by the trite poverty of allegory. If he had an emblematic thought, he expressed it with wit, rather than by a symbol. Such is that of the prostitute's setting fire to the world, in *The Rake's Progress*. Once, indeed, he condescended to use an allegorical personage, and was not happy in it. In one of his election prints, Britannia's chariot breaks down, while the footman and coachman are playing at cards on the box. Sometimes too, to please his vulgar customers, he stooped to low images and national satire, as in the two prints of *France* and *England*, and that of *The Gates of Calais*. The last, indeed, has great merit, though the caricature is carried to excess. In all these the painter's purpose was, to make his countrymen observe the ease and affluence of a free government, opposed to the wants and woes of slaves. In *Beer-Street*, the English butcher tossing a Frenchman in the air with one hand, is absolute hyperbole, and, what is worse, was an after-thought, not being in the first edition. The *Gin-Alley* is much superior; horridly fine, but disgusting. His *Bartholomew Fair* is full of humour; *The March to Finchley*, of nature; *The Enraged Musician* tends to farce. *The Four Parts of the Day*, except the last, are inferior to few of his works. *The Sleepy Congregation*, *The Lecture on the Vacuum*, *The Laughing Audience*, and *The Cockpit*, are perfect in their several kinds. The prints of *Industry* and *Idleness* have more merit in their intention than execution. Towards his latter end he now and then repeated himself, but seldom more than most great authors who executed so much.

It may appear singular, that of an author whom I call comic, and who is so celebrated for his humour, I should speak in general in so serious a style: but it would be suppressing the merits of his heart to consider him only as a promoter of laughter; I think I have shewn, that his views were more generous and extensive. Mirth coloured his pictures, but Benevolence designed them. He smiled, like Socrates, that men might not be offended at his lectures, and might learn to laugh at their own follies. When his topics were harmless, all his touches were marked with pleasantry and fun. He never laughed, like Rabelais, at nonsense that he imposed for wit; but, like Swift, combined incidents that divert one from their unexpected encounter, and illustrate the tale that he meant to tell. Such were the hens roosting on the upright waves in the scene of the Strollers, and the Devils drinking porter on the altar. The manners and costume are more than observed in every one of his works. The very furniture of his rooms describe the characters of the persons to

whom they belong—a lesson that might be of use to comic authors. It was reserved to Hogarth to write a scene of furniture: the Rake's levee-room, the Nobleman's dining-room, the apartments of the Husband and Wife in *Marriage à-la-Mode*, the Alderman's parlour, the Poet's bed-chamber, and many others, are the history of the manners of the age.—Thus far Walpole.

Miss *Eve*. He has made some trifling mistakes in titles. There is no Gin Alley or Bartholomew Fair by Hogarth: these are *Gin Lane* and *Southwark Fair*. When the Idle Apprentice is brought before his industrious companion, the latter is not lord mayor, but alderman; he has not attained the highest civic honour till the last print: but these are trifles.

Miss *K*. In this book is a curious print by Hogarth, published when he was 28 years of age, in 1726. This is the frontispiece as well as title to "*Terræ Filius*, or the Secret History of the University of Oxford, in several Essays; to which is added Remarks on a late book entitled, University Education, by R. Newton, D. D. Principal of Hart Hall:" after which is written—"He is departed, but his ghost still hovers about the ground, haunts the place of his wonted abode, disturbs the several apartments with unseasonable visits and strange noises, and scares those who never expected his return to this region any more."

NEWTON'S *University Education.*

London, printed for R. Francklin, under Tom's Coffee-House, Russell-street, Covent-Garden, 1726." Under the frontispiece is inscribed, "W. Hogarth fecit."

Here is a strange description from the *British Magazine* for May 1749:—We have an account of a surprising phenomenon that was seen near Hertford during a violent storm of thunder and lightning, on Thursday the 18th, by one John Mitchell. As he was travelling on the road, he was met by a man of gigantic stature; his face shone like the sun; on his head was something resembling a crown with stars; he had wings on his shoulders; his body seemed of transparent fire, but suddenly disappeared in the form of several balls of light, attended with an explosion like that of a number of cannon.

Miss *Eve*. This was somewhat like a phantasmagoria.

Miss *K*. At the general illumination for the peace between this country and France, April 29, 1802, the Phantasmagoria amused the people by a specimen of its art. At the place where it was exhibited at Exeter Change, was a transparency representing Peace charming away the dæmon of War, which continually kept vanishing in fire and smoke, and again returning.

Miss *Eve*. I think it highly probable that we are perceived by beings of whom we know nothing; but I do not imagine that it is in nature for us ever to perceive them, while our spirits are inclosed in this body.—Which in your opinion is the best poetical description of a spirit?

Miss *K*. I think Mallet's *Margaret's Ghost* as good as any.

Miss *Eve*. Will you repeat it?

Miss *K*. I will sing it in the same dismal tone as my Susan does.

WILLIAM AND MARGARET.

'Twas at the fearful midnight hour
When night and morning meet,
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

Her face was like an April morn
Clad in a wintry cloud,
Her clay-cold lily hand knee-high
Upheld her sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear
When youth and years are flown,
Such the last robe that kings must wear
When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flow'r
That sips the silver dew;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
Just opening to the view.

But love had, like a canker-worm,
Consumed her early prime,
The rose grew pale and left her cheek,
She died before her time.

Awake, she cried, thy true love calls,
Come from her midnight grave;
Now let thy pity hear the maid
Thy love refused to save.

This is the dumb and dreary hour
When injur'd ghosts complain,
When yawning graves give up their dead,
To haunt the faithless swain.

Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
Thy pledge and broken oath,
And give me back my virgin vow,
And give me back my troth.

Why did you say my face was fair,
And yet that face forsake?
How could you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break?

Why did you promise love to me,
And not that promise keep?
Why said you that my eyes were bright,
Yet leave those eyes to weep?

How could you swear my lips were sweet,
Yet make their scarlet pale?
And why, alas! did I, fond maid,
Believe thy flattering tale?

But now no more my face is fair,
Those lips no longer red,
Dark are my eyes now closed in death,
And every charm is fled.

The hungry worm my sister is,
This winding-sheet I wear,
And cold and weary is our night,
Till the last morn appear.

But, hark! the cock has warned me hence,
A long and last adieu!
Come see, false man, how low she lies
That died for love of you!

The lark sung out, the morning smiled
With beams of rosy red;
Pale William shook in every limb,
And raving, left his bed.

He hied him to the fatal place
Where Margaret's body lay,
And stretch'd him on the green grass turf
That wrapt her breathless clay.

And thrice he call'd on Margaret's name,
And thrice he wept full sore,
Then laid his cheek on her cold grave,
And word spake never more.

Miss *Eve.* What were Mallet's dates?

Miss *K.* He is said to have been born in Scotland, of the family of the Macgregors, who, above a century ago, under Robin Roy, became so infamous for violence and robbery, that they were obliged to change their name. David Mallet's father called himself Malloch, which this celebrated genius changed to Mallet. He died April 20, 1765. Besides the ballad of *William and Margaret*, which was his first production, he wrote the following dramatic pieces:--*Eurydice*, a tragedy, acted at Drury-lane, 1733; *Mustapha*, trag. 1739; *Appius*, trag.; *Amyntor and Theodore, or the Hermit Alfred*, a masque, written in conjunction with his countryman Thomson; *Britannia*, a masque, 1755; *Elvira*, trag. 1763. He was also the author of the *Excursion*, published in 1728; a Poem on Verbal Criticism, in 1733; *Life of Bacon*, 1740.—His daughter, whose name after her marriage was Mrs. Celesia, wrote *Almida*, a tragedy, also *Indolence*, a poem, composed in praise of philosophic indolence.

Miss *Eve.* I anticipate with delight, my dear Miss K. that you and I shall spend much of our time in the pleasures of this praiseworthy indolence.

Miss *K.* You, no doubt, believe but little in ghosts, apparitions, or spirits?

Miss *Eve.* No, nor in witches or the predictions of fortune-tellers, any more than I do in griffins, sphynxes, dragons, centaurs, mermaids, syrens, fairies, &c.; yet there is a fancy in these descriptions that is often amusing. You are a witch in one sense; you have charms of the most bewitching kind, and you are attended by a familiar, your Romeo, who is now looking so lovingly towards you from that tree.

Miss *K.* It is curious to observe, even at this time, how superstitious many of the country-people are in obscure villages, with the horse-shoes nailed at the doors to keep out witches; that is, some poor old women, who, labouring under old age and poverty, could not, one would suppose, excite any other sentiments than commiseration and charity, instead of being branded with this evil name.

Miss *Eve.* As I was observing, there is something romantically fanciful in some of the descriptions of witches dancing to the tunes of their feet about an old mill; meeting on a common at midnight, in company with a little black man, a few cats, and a creature whose shape can scarcely be discerned; their raising storms that unroof the villagers' houses and barns; sailing to Norway in sieves; riding on the wind mounted on brooms; eclipsing the moon, that sickens at the sight while they are doing deeds without a name; putting crooked pins in waxen effigies to torment the originals; then, as Shakspeare says, melting like breath into the wind.

Miss *K.* Here is a description of some witches by Ben Jonson, in what he calls

THE WITCHES' SONG.

1st Witch.

I have been all night looking after
A raven feeding upon a quarter,
And soon as she turn'd her back to the south,
I snatch'd this morsel out of her mouth.

2d Witch.

I have been gathering wolves' hairs,
The mad dog's foam, and adders' ears,
The spurging of a dead man's eyes,
And all since the evening star did rise.

3d Witch.

I last night lay all alone
O' the ground, to hear the mandrake groan,
And pluck'd him up, tho' he grew full low,
And as I had done the cock did crow.

4th Witch.

And I ha' been chusing out this scull
From charnel-houses that were full,
From private grots and public pits,
And frighted a sexton out of his wits.

5th Witch.

Under a cradle I did creep
By day, and when the child was asleep,
At night I suck'd the breath, and rose
And pluck'd the nodding nurse by the nose.

6th Witch.

I had a dagger—what did I with that?
Killed an infant to have his fat.
A piper it got at a church-ale,
I bade him again blow wind i' the tail.

7th Witch.

A murderer yonder was hung in chains,
The sun and the wind had shrunk his veins;
I bit off a sinew, I clipped his hair,
I brought off the rags that danced i' the air.

8th Witch.

The screech-owl's eggs and the feathers black,
The blood of a frog and the bone in his back,
I have been getting, and made of his skin
A purse to keep Sir Cranion in.

9th Witch.

And I have been plucking plants among
Hemlock, henbane, adder's tongue,
Nightshade, moonwort, libbard's bane,
And twice by the dogs was like to be ta'en.

10th Witch.

I from the jaws of a gardener's bitch
Did snatch these bones, and then leap'd the ditch;
Yet went I back to the house again,
Kill'd the black cat, and here is the brain.

11th Witch.

I went to the toad breeds under the wall,
I charmed him out, and he came at my call;
I scratch'd out the eyes of the owl before;
I tore the bat's wings: what would you have more?

Dame.

Yes, I have brought, to help your vows,
Horned poppy, cypress boughs,
The fig-tree wild that grows on tombs,
And juice that from the larch-tree comes,
The basilisk's blood and the viper's skin;
And now our orgies let's begin.

JUNINUS.

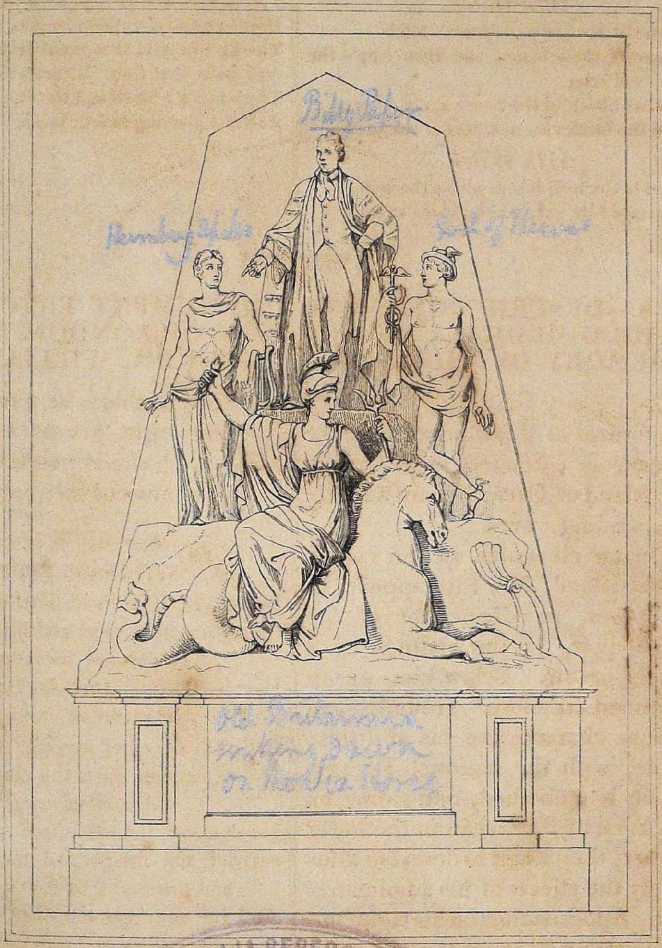
PL. 8.—DESCRIPTION OF THE MONUMENT ERECTED IN THE GUILDHALL OF THE CITY OF LONDON, TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM PITT.

THE massy substance on which the figures in this composition are placed, is intended to represent the Island of Great Britain and the surrounding waves.

On an elevation, in the center of the island, Mr. Pitt appears in his robes, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, in the attitude of a public orator. Below him, on an intermediate fore-ground, two statues characterize his abilities; while, with the national Energy, which is embodied, and riding on a symbol of the Ocean in the lower center, they assist to describe allusively the effects of his administration. Apollo stands on his right, impersonating Eloquence and Learning. Mercury is introduced on his left, as the representative of Commerce and the patron of Policy. To describe the unprecedented splendour of success which crowned the British navy while Mr. Pitt was minister, the lower part of the monument is occupied by a statue of Britannia, seated triumphantly on a sea-horse; in her left hand is the usual emblem of naval power; and her right grasps a thunderbolt, which she is prepared to hurl at the enemies of her country.

INSCRIPTION.

WILLIAM PITT,
Son of WILLIAM PITT, Earl of Chatham,
Inheriting the genius and formed by the precepts of his father,
Devoted himself from his early years to the service of the state.
Called to the chief conduct of the administration, after the close of a disastrous war,
He repaired the exhausted revenues, he revived and invigorated the commerce and prosperity of the country;
And he had re-established the public credit on deep and sure foundations,
When a new war was kindled in Europe, more formidable than any preceding war from the peculiar character of its dangers.
To resist the arms of France, which were directed against the independence of every government and people;
To animate other nations by the example of Great Britain;
To check the contagion of opinions which tended to dissolve the frame of civil society;



MONUMENT OF Mr PITT.

GUILDHALL.

To array the loyal, the sober-minded, and the good in defence of the venerable Constitution of the British Monarchy,
Were the duties which, at that awful crisis, devolved upon the British Minister,
And which he discharged with transcendent zeal, intrepidity, and perseverance:
He upheld the national honour abroad; he maintained at home the blessings of order and of true liberty;
And, in the midst of difficulties and perils,
He united and consolidated the strength, power, and resources of the empire.

For these high purposes,
He was gifted by Divine Providence with endowments,
Rare in their separate excellence; wonderful in their combination:
Judgment; imagination; memory; wit; force and acuteness of reasoning;
Eloquence, copious and accurate, commanding and persuasive,
And suited from its splendour to the dignity of his mind and to the authority of his station;
A lofty spirit; a mild and ingenuous temper.
Warm and steadfast in friendship, towards enemies he was forbearing and forgiving.
His industry was not relaxed by confidence in his great abilities.
His indulgence to others was not abated by the consciousness of his own superiority.
His ambition was pure from all selfish motives:
The love of power and a passion for fame were in him subordinate to views of public utility:
Dispensing for near twenty years the favours of the Crown,
He lived without ostentation; and he died poor.

A GRATEFUL NATION
Decreed to him those funeral honours
Which are reserved for eminent and extraordinary men.

This MONUMENT
Is erected by the LORD MAYOR, ALDERMEN, and COMMON COUNCIL,
To record the reverent and affectionate regret
With which the CITY of LONDON cherishes his memory;
And to hold out to the imitation of posterity
Those principles of public and private virtue,
Which ensure to nations a solid greatness,
And to individuals an imperishable name.

As a work of art, this monument by Mr. Bubb has a claim to the admiration of an intelligent public, whose taste has in no small degree been improved by the rising talents of this sculptor and some others of his ingenious contemporaries, in this noble and elegant department of art. Unity of design and simplicity of composition are its leading characteristics. It commands attention by the air of dignity and grandeur which pervades it, and secures applause by the fitness and beauty of its parts, and by the analogy it bears to the illustrious person whose virtues it is intended to perpetuate.

The exquisite works of that admired sculptor, the late Mr. Banks, and the no less beautiful and classic designs of Mr. Flaxman, have raised the character of sculpture in this country, and laid the foundation of a school, which, aided by public patronage, may attain to an excellence that shall rival the works of the ancient Greeks.

VERSATILITY OF PRINCIPLES.

(A TRUE STORY).

By AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE.

It is common to call him a man of principle whose actions are regulated by one uniform standard. There are indeed many who have adopted principles (it matters not here whether good or bad), but how few do we find who act according to them! This is extremely natural. Principles are formed or adopted with a tranquil mind, under the guidance of the understanding. In action, on the contrary, upon occasions where any kind of private interest is intermingled, the mind is more or less agitated and the understanding beclouded. We are properly men only when we think, and not unfrequently brutes as soon as we begin to act. This sounds severe, but, alas! it is too true. Hence there is not a man living upon the face of the earth, neither has one ever existed, of whom it could be said, that, regardless of his personal interest, he acted invariably up to his principles. As the Syrens of old, with their captivating strains, were said to allure the incautious mariner to certain destruction; so the passions, set off in their best attire, entice the traveller from his way. If even he should have the fortitude to pass five of them with his eyes shut, he will perhaps steal a glance at the sixth, and fall into the snares of the seventh. The most dangerous sophist of them all is Love, which men seldom withstand, and women never. She blows principles away as a playful boy does bubbles of soap; she laughs their brilliancy to scorn, and rejoices when they burst.

Eulalia was the daughter of a country clergyman. Educated by her parents in seclusion and piety, she was a devout Christian. Neither the unqualified slanders of the open enemies of religion, nor the more artful insinuations of those who disguise their hostility under the mask of friendship, had ever reached her retired and humble abode; but she had often heard her father, whose exemplary conduct gave weight to the precepts which he inculcated, pronounce severe denunciations against freethinkers; and this was sufficient to convince her, that a freethinker must be an object of deserved abhorrence.

In these principles she had grown up, when her parents died, and an uncle in the city took the orphan into his house. There her beauty and her modesty very soon fixed upon her the eyes and hearts of all her uncle's visitors, and among the rest, of Bernard, a young man of a prepossessing person and large fortune, and what is still better, who enjoyed the merited reputation of the most rigid integrity. She liked him very well, and was not displeased when Bernard paid his addresses to her in form.

She had already modestly given her consent, and allowed the bridegroom to imprint the first kiss upon her lips, when an officious female neighbour, who had long had an eye upon Bernard for one of her daughters, came sighing, and in confidence observed to Eulalia, that in other respects he might be a very good sort of man, but that he was an inveterate freethinker.

At the mention of that terrific word the pious Eulalia turned pale. She made enquiries, and was informed, that Bernard did actually often indulge in mockeries of religion, which he called his principles. The affrighted maiden immediately dismissed him, to the great dissatisfaction of her uncle: for they who give away the hands of young females, are in general totally regardless of the morals of those who are to receive the gift. A rich man, should he even wear Satan's own order in his button-hole, is every where welcome. The uncle, however, would not force the inclinations of his pious niece, and confirmed the sentence which she had passed upon her lover. But Bernard was not to be so easily deterred. He paid his visits as before, and the uncle, who would have been gratified to see him succeed in making a conquest of the coy Eulalia, frequently left him alone with her. Bernard, in alliance with love, availed himself of these opportunities, and it was not long before Eulalia sighed to herself, that her principles did not permit her to love him. These sighs, translated into plain language, signified, "I love him already." She soon began to seek excuses for him: he was seduced by bad company or by ungodly books—how easily might his soul yet be saved!—and who could tell but it was reserved for her to afford Heaven that ecstatic joy which, as we are told, it feels over a sinner who repenteth? Surely then it was her duty to marry him—yes, her *duty*, that was undeniable; and accordingly she married him in despite of her principles.

During the honey-moon they were too much absorbed in love to involve themselves in religious squabbles; but when it was over, she began to think seriously of the conversion of the beloved free-thinker. They now stoutly disputed together for several hours every evening. Eulalia had recourse to the aid of the Bible, to which Bernard opposed Voltaire. When they had done, each almost always remained of the old opinion, but their mutual affection sustained no diminution.

One morning, Bernard went up stairs to his wife at an unusual hour. He found the door of her bed-chamber a-jar, opened it softly, and beheld Eulalia on her knees with her back towards him. He listened, and overheard part of a prayer which moved him to the bottom of his soul. She implored the Almighty to enable her to convert him, with an ardour which extorted tears from his eyes. He stole back unperceived, and when at night the pious disputant renewed the attack upon him, he made a much weaker defence than usual. He began seriously to believe, that she might at last be right: his beautiful wife seemed to him a being connected with Heaven, which gently attracted him, and each of her caresses was a new ground of conviction. In short, before the expiration of three months, Bernard had forgotten his principles and was a sincere Christian, though Eulalia, during the last four weeks, had not led the conversation to this subject, but rather obviously avoided it, and had often wandered about like one lost in a profound reverie.

Bernard imagined that she had abandoned the hope of converting him, and to this cause he ascribed

her silence and her concern; but he was mistaken, and it was not till long afterwards that he learned with astonishment, how her mind was during this interval engaged. His arguments, united with the consideration, that, notwithstanding his scepticism, he was yet an excellent and an amiable man, had by degrees made so deep an impression upon Eulalia, that, in spite of her principles, she suddenly turned from a devout Christian to a confirmed freethinker.

Bernard was not merely a convert to love; the change which had taken place in his mind was the result of conviction. He had too much good sense not to perceive the importance of a decision on so essential a point; and, assisted by the works of the most powerful advocates of religion, his faith became too firmly grounded to be again shaken. His persuasive arguments, seconded by affection, soon recalled his wife to the path of truth from which his own example had before seduced her: and both learned from experience, how difficult it is to withhold belief from an adored object, and with what danger even the most firmly established principles are sometimes threatened by the power of love.

BODY OF KING CHARLES I.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

THE public interest which has recently been awakened by the discovery of the body of King Charles I. in the Tomb-House at Windsor, has led me to send you an account of a stratagem said to have been practised by the desire of Oliver Cromwell, which was believed to have taken place, and was matter of private exultation to the Puritanical party subsequent to the Restoration. This curious account is copied from a MS, forming part of the Harleian Collection in the British Museum.

H.

AN ACCOUNT *of the Burial of King* CHARLES I. *and of* OLIVER CROMWELL; *in which it appears how Oliver's Friends contrived to secure the Body from future Disgrace, and to expose the Corpse of King Charles to be substituted in the Punishment and Ignominy designed for the Usurper's Body.*

SOON after the Restoration, the then serjeant of the House of Commons was ordered, by the house, to go with his officers to St. Peter's Westminster, and demand the body of Oliver Cromwell, buried there, to be taken up, in order to be disposed in the manner the house should adjudge fitting. Whereupon the said serjeant went, and, in the middle aisle of Henry the Seventh's chapel, at the east end, upon taking up the pavement, in a vault, was found his corpse; in the inside of whose coffin, and upon the breast of the corpse, was laid a copper-plate, finely gilt, inclosed in a case of lead; on the one side whereof was engraved the arms of England, impaled with the arms of Oliver; and, on the reverse, the following legenda, viz. "*Oliverus, Protector Reipublicæ, Scotiæ, et Hiberniæ, natus* 25° *April.* 1599; *inauguratus* 16° *Dec*[ris], 1653; *mortuus* 3[tio] *Sep*[ris], *anno* 1658, *hic situs est.*"

The said serjeant, believing the plate to be gold, took it pretendedly as his fee; and Mr. Gifford, of Colchester, who married the serjeant's daughter, had the plate, which his father-in-law told him he came by in the manner above related.

It appears, by the account, that Barkstead, keeper of the Tower, who was one of the regicides, and at the Restoration was executed as such, was a great confidant of Cromwell, and did, at the time of the usurper's sickness, desire to know where he would be buried: to which he answered, "where he had acquired the greatest victory and glory; and as nigh the spot as could be guessed, where the heat of the action was," viz. in the field at Naseby, in the county of Northampton: which accordingly was thus performed.—At midnight (soon after his death), being first embalmed, and wrapped in a leaden coffin, he was, in a hearse, conveyed to the said field; the son of Barkstead, by order of his father, attending close to the hearse; and being come to the field, there found, about the midst of it, a grave, dug about nine feet deep, with the green sod carefully laid on one side, and the mould on the other; in which the coffin being soon put, the grave was instantly filled up, and the green sod laid exactly flat upon it, care being taken, that the surplus mould was clean taken away. Soon after like care was taken that the said field was entirely ploughed up, and sown three or four years successively with wheat.

Talking over this account of Barkstead's with the Rev. Mr. S— of Q——, whose father had long resided in Florence, as a merchant, and after as minister from King Charles II. and had been well acquainted with the fugitives after the Restoration, he assured me, he had often heard the same account by other hands: those miscreants always boasting, that they had wreaked their revenge against the father, as far as human foresight could carry it, by beheading him whilst living, and making his best friends the executors of the utmost ignominies upon him when dead. Asking him the particular meaning of the last sentence, he said, that Oliver and his friends apprehending the Restoration of the Stuart family; and that all imaginable disgrace, on that turn, would be put upon his body, as well as memory; he contrived his own burial, as averred by Barkstead, having all the theatrical honours of a pompous funeral paid to an empty coffin, into which afterwards was removed the corpse of the martyr (which by Lord Clarendon's own account had never truly or certainly been interred; and after the Restoration, when most diligently sought after, by the Earls of Southampton and Lindsay, at the command of King Charles II. in order to a solemn removal, could no where in the church where he was said to have been buried, be found), that if any sentence should be pronounced, as upon his body, it might effectually fall upon that of the king. That, on that order of the Commons, in King Charles the Second's time, the tomb was broken down, and the body taken out of a coffin, so inscribed as mentioned in the serjeant's report, was from thence conveyed to Tyburn, and to the utmost

joy and triumph of that crew of miscreants, hung publicly on the gallows, amidst an infinite crew of spectators almost infected with the noisomeness of the stench. The secret being only amongst that abandoned few, there was no doubt in the rest of the people, but the bodies so exposed were the bodies they were said to be; had not some whose curiosity had brought them nearer to the tree, observed with horror the remains of a countenance they little had expected there; and that on tying the cord, there was a strong seam about the neck, by which the head had been, as was supposed, immediately after the decollation, fastened again to the body. This being whispered about, and the numbers that came to the dismal sight hourly increasing, notice was immediately given of the suspicion to the attending officer, who dispatched a messenger to court, to acquaint them of the rumour, and the ill consequences the spreading or examining into it further might have. On which the bodies were immediately taken down, to be buried again, to prevent any infection. Certain it is they were not burnt, as in prudence for that pretended reason, might have been expected; as well as in justice to have shewn the utmost detestation for their crimes, and the most lasting mark of infamy they could inflict upon them.

MISCELLANEOUS FRAGMENTS AND ANECDOTES.

MAHOMET'S PRECEPT.

"O YE faithful believers!" said Mahomet, "abstain from the flesh of the swine, for a certain part of that animal is extremely unwholesome; therefore, every one of my disciples who eats pork shall roast for it in Hell."

His disciples took this injunction to heart, and while he lived, never tasted pork. No sooner, however, was he dead, than they were very curious to know what part of the animal was so excessively pernicious. If we could but learn this, thought they, we might feast upon all the rest without any qualms of conscience; but to be forbidden to taste pork, on account of one single part of the animal, is cruel, very cruel indeed. They now began to rack their brains to discover the dangerous part.—"'Tis the head," said one.—"Impossible," rejoined another, who was very fond of the head; "it is most probably the intestines alone."—"By no means," exclaimed a third, who dearly loved a savoury sausage, "I will lay any wager that it must be the tail." A fourth and a fifth started opinions different from the preceding, according as they were partial to this or the other joint. The subject involved them in disputes, which ended in their eating the whole pig clean up from head to tail.

Methinks, reader, you smile, but do we conduct ourselves better? —"Shun the world," cry our moralists till they are hoarse, "shun the wicked world, otherwise ye are liable to stray into many a broad road, that will lead you straightway to Hell!"—"Very well," we are

accustomed to say, "we will shun the wicked world, but we should like to know which of all these ways are the broad ones that conduct to perdition."—"The way to the theatre!" exclaims one.—"No, no," rejoins a second, who never misses the play if he can help it, "the way to the alehouse is meant." —"By no means," cries a jolly toper, "it can be no other than the way to the gaming-house."

They dispute for some time, and run, as before, to gaze, to tipple, and to game. The wicked world is a well-furnished table, to which people sit down to eat of nothing but what is wholesome. Each warns his neighbour to beware of this or the other dish, and helps himself to that which best suits his own palate. To promote digestion, every one adds a few sophisms to his own portion, so that at last there is not a morsel left.

ON NATIONAL SPIRIT.

The spirit of a nation manifests itself in circumstances the most trifling. Here, for example, are three wagers laid by an Englishman, a Frenchman, and a German. The reader of observation might boldly offer to lay a fourth, that he would guess to which of the above nations each of the three belonged.

Several years since, a King of Denmark being upon his travels, arrived at a certain capital, where writers in the public prints made it the subject of a wager to calculate precisely how much the nation lost from the residence of the foreign monarch, by the time which the artizans and manufacturers spent in staring at him.

In another capital, a young man was standing at the window of a coffee-house, when one, apparently of equal rank, was driving by in an elegant curricle.—"A pretty fellow, truly!" said the first to his neighbour, "we have the finest weather that can be, and yet this fool cannot go on foot."—"If he chuses to ride," answered his neighbour, laughing, "who can hinder him?"—"Who? why I can," cried the first speaker, "I'll lay you any bet of it." A wager was instantly laid, and away he ran puffing up the street after the curricle, and seizing the reins, said to the astonished beau who sat in the carriage, "I beg your pardon, sir, but allow me to observe, that it is most extraordinary to see a man like you, enjoying the most robust health, riding in a curricle in the finest possible weather."—"Allow me also to observe," replied the other, "that it is far more extraordinary still, to hear such a remark from you."—"But it is, indeed, very astonishing"—"Astonishing or not, loose the horses, if you please."—"Excuse me, sir, I could never forgive myself were I to stand still and see you ride in such enchanting weather, and, in short, I will not suffer it."—"You will not suffer it? the devil you won't!" The beau then jumped out of the curricle; both drew their swords, and in the next minute the wanton aggressor received a severe wound in the arm. "I have enough," said he, "but as I am wounded, and you have sustained no injury, permit me, at least, to go home in your curricle." Without waiting for a reply, he jumped in, drove home, and won his wager.

In a third capital, a man betted, that, in the space of four weeks,

he would ascertain precisely how many times the word *and* occurred in the Bible. He went to work, kept counting day and night, and likewise won his wager.

Would it not be superfluous to inform the reader, that the first of these wagers was laid in England, the second in France, and the third in Germany?

A CHARACTER.

Mr. F*** is neither witty nor stupid enough to attract notice, nor so wealthy as to make a figure in the world; in other respects, he is what is commonly called a *good man.* As he never thwarted the views of any body, he has no enemy, and himself hates nobody; neither can he conceive how it is possible to hate. On the other hand, his friendship is nothing more than mere good-will. He enjoys excellent health, and his plump shining face is incessantly clothed in smiles. He neither gambles, nor drinks, nor hunts; he has but one hobby-horse, to partake of good cheer with numerous companies: he never enquires what persons are to be of the party, but how many. During his whole life (and he is now fifty years old), he has not been invited to any small party, neither has he desired to be. On the contrary, he is fond of frequenting numerous companies, in which he passes unnoticed, conscious that he is best suited for obscurity. His birth procures him admission into the first families. To all weddings, christenings, &c. he never fails to be invited. He rejoices at the prospect of an approaching marriage, as he thinks that he shall make one at the wedding. Has a lady brought her husband an accession to his family, he is quite delighted, for in a few weeks she will receive abundance of visits. Should any one die, he is sincerely afflicted, and has no other consolation than to follow the corpse to the grave. But, oh! mortification! the house of mourning will be shut up several weeks, nay, perhaps even for months. On the contrary, should there be an opportunity for congratulations, oh! how delightful! It is twenty years since he quitted the military profession, and yet he still takes a deep interest in every promotion. He congratulates a colonel with all his heart, a general with transport, and over a field marshal he can do no less than shed tears of joy.

This sympathy, and the circumstance that he never concerned himself about the scandalous chronicle of the city in which he resides, once occasioned a ludicrous mistake. Having heard that a great promotion of generals would take place on a certain day, he repaired to the house of the minister, whose antichamber he found crowded with people. Among these was a Colonel D****, who had come thither solely for the purpose of procuring an order for the confinement of his wife, who had disgraced him by her intrigues. This was generally known, except to Mr. F****. When the minister appeared, and in going round the circle that was formed about him, came to the colonel, he said to him, "Your business is done." Mr. F***, who stood next to the colonel, supposing that he was promoted to the rank of general, took him by the hand, and rapturously exclaimed, "I congratulate you with all my heart! It could not be otherwise; you have

richly deserved it. Oh! I have long foretold that this would be the case!"

The by-standers laughed; the colonel glowed with shame, and Mr. F**** could not comprehend the reason of either. He, however, insisted, that nothing more had happened to his honoured friend than what he had long deserved.

EXTRAORDINARY RESEMBLANCE OF TWO BROTHERS.

About one hundred and fifty years ago there lived twin brothers, the Counts of Ligneville and d'Autricourt, of an ancient family in Lorraine. They were so perfectly like one another, that when they appeared in the same kind of dress, as they sometimes did for sport, their attendants themselves mistook the one for the other. The tone of their voices also was alike. It was a fortunate circumstance that their attachment was so sincere, otherwise their wives might, in the most innocent manner, have been led into infidelities. Both were captains of dragoons, but in different regiments: they sometimes changed uniforms, and each placed himself at the head of the other's dragoons without being discovered by the men. D'Autricourt was once in danger of being put under arrest for some misdemeanour: Ligneville immediately dressed himself from head to foot like his brother, and never quitted him for a moment. Lest the innocent should suffer for the guilty, the arrest was postponed, till at last the affair blew over altogether.

The two brothers were once travelling together, and on their arrival in a foreign town, sent for a barber. Ligneville sat down first to be shaved, while d'Autricourt waited in an adjoining room. The barber had finished half his job, when Ligneville made some pretext to go into the next room: his brother immediately stepped forward in the same morning-gown and seated himself. The barber prepared to proceed with the operation, but perceiving that the half of the beard, which, as he thought, he had just taken off, had grown again, he concluded it must be Satan himself that he had to deal with, and fainted away. Ligneville availed himself of this opportunity to take his seat once more. The barber, recovering, supposed that he must have been dreaming, till the riddle was explained to him.

On another occasion, when both were extremely hungry and thirsty, they went to an inn, but only one made his appearance, while the other kept concealed behind the curtain of an alcove. The host carried in dish after dish and bottle after bottle. Ligneville first ate and drank what he could, and as his stomach was by no means delicate, the host could not help remarking to himself, that the stranger was a terrible eater. But how great was his astonishment, when, on coming to remove the last empty dish, d'Autricourt, who was blessed with no less an appetite than his brother, and had slipped into his seat, asked for more still! Whilst he was feasting, Ligneville, reclining upon a couch, was digesting his repast, so that in an hour he was again able to supply his brother's place with honour. Heaven knows how much they would have devoured, if the host's provisions had not been completely exhaust-

ed. The poor fellow, who likewise thought the devil at the bottom of all this gormandizing, declared, with a brow bedewed with the copious perspiration of fear, that he had nothing more in the house; and it was not till then that the other brother, with a loud burst of laughter, made his appearance.

All these stories are not absolutely incredible; but what follows is rather more difficult of belief. There was not only such a resemblance, but such a sympathy between them, that they were always sick at the same time. If one received a wound the other endured pain from it. They often dreamt the same dreams in one and the same night. At length d'Autricourt was attacked by a fever, of which he died. Ligneville lay ill at the same time of the same fever in Bavaria, and as we are told in the pious chronicle from which this account is extracted, had he not vowed to make valuable presents to the Blessed Virgin of Altenötting, he would infallibly have been carried off likewise.

THE BASKET-MAKER.

King George I. is said to have frequently related the following circumstance, which at the present day will easily gain credit. It happened about the year 1615.—A German nobleman had a daughter whose hand was courted by a young gentleman of the neighbourhood. "How do you propose to support my daughter?" asked the father.—"Decently," replied the lover.—"Of course, but what with?"—"With my property, which is considerable."—"Have you nothing but lands?"—This extraordinary question puzzled the suitor. "Nothing but lands!" said he, "I should think they would be more than sufficient."—"By no means," rejoined the father: "my daughter, to be sure, is my sole heiress, and consequently rich; nevertheless, I am determined never to give her to any man who has not learned some art or trade, that, in case of misfortunes, he may still be able to maintain her."

The young man thought this a singular stipulation, but he was in love, and therefore submitted to the terms; requesting only the space of one year, in order that he might, by the acquisition of some mechanical art, render himself worthy of the lady. His desire was complied with. He immediately repaired to the most expert basket-maker in the whole country, and in less than half a year he excelled his instructor. He now presented his mistress with a little basket of his making, which was the model of those work-baskets long afterwards so fashionable among the ladies. They were introduced from Germany into Holland and England, and were for a time a considerable article of trade.

The young man now attained the object of his wishes. Some years afterwards, during the war which spread devastation over the Palatinate, himself and his father-in-law were driven from their estates, and sought refuge in Holland, where, by the neat baskets of his manufacture, he maintained the whole family, and was for the first time convinced that the old man's question—"Have you nothing but lands?" was a very sensible one. How many emigrants in our days would have been re-

lieved from the necessity of exposing their misery, had they learned the trade of basket-making!

MATRIMONY.

Above a century ago, a French writer, M. de la Terrière, published a treatise, with the following title: *Of the Excellence of Matrimony, of its Necessity and the Means of living happily in that State; together with a Vindication of Women against the Slanders of Men.* It would be an incomparable work if it performed the promises held forth in the title. The fair sex was never in want of defenders. If the writings of monks alone on this subject were to be collected, they would be found sufficiently numerous to stock a whole shop. The great conjuror Agrippa himself wrote *De Nobilitate et Præcellentia Fœminei Sexus.* Many to be sure have written against the sex, but not so many by far as for it.

The author of whom we are speaking terms marriage the only gate to paradise, but without mentioning that the road sometimes leads through purgatory. "Is it possible," he exclaims, "that people should be so ambitious of the honours of having written a fine book, of having painted a fine picture, &c. and should nevertheless remain insensible to the honours of having produced men?" (Bachelors might reply, that the keeping of books and pictures costs nothing, while that of children is very expensive). "What men were ever so happy," continues he, "as Ibstan and Abdan, whom the Scriptures speak of. The former had 30 sons, 30 daughters, 30 sons-in-law, and 30 daughters-in-law: the second had 40 sons and 30 grandsons, all of whom he saw mounted on horseback at once. Is not that more glorious than all the exploits of a Cæsar and an Alexander?" Indeed, a squadron of 40 sons and 30 grandsons must be the finest guard of honour in the world; but no conquests such as those of a Cæsar and an Alexander can be made with it, and it is these that always gain the most renown of any thing in the world.

For the rest, it is a pity that the author proves too much, for all his arguments apply equally in favour of polygamy. "A woman," says he, "who remains a widow six months, commits a crime against God, against humanity, against the state, the church, and herself." According to this principle, the couple mentioned by St. Jerome should have been canonized, for each of them had been more than twenty times in the widowed state.

On the art of being happy in matrimony the author says nothing new, but much that is well meant; and it were to be wished, that his book would produce the same effect as the discourse of Socrates at Xenophon's entertainment. The guests, we are told, were so deeply moved by what he said on the subject of love, that those who were yet single protested they would immediately marry, and the married ran home without loss of time to embrace their wives.

It is remarkable, that, in his whole work, M. de la Terrière addresses himself to the men only. In the preface, he asserts that females need no exhortation to marriage; that, though from modesty they never make it the subject of conversation, yet to become wives is the most ardent wish of them all.

M 2

THE MODERN SPECTATOR.

No. XXIX.

In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas
Nomina. OVID. *Met.*

Capricious taste displays its various graces,
In its new names, to old accustom'd places.

I HAVE received the following letter on a subject which has not escaped my own observation; indeed, I have generally set it down as among the importations occasioned by the French revolution, and I wish it had been the worst of them. There may be some degree of frivolity attached to it, and ridicule may seize upon it as an object for laughable observation: but I know of no injury, public or private, that can follow from it; nor will my correspondent find any difficulties on the occasion, which he will not readily surmount. I shall, however, proceed to the communication of his distresses, for the amusement of my readers.

Mr. *Spectator*,

As your work appears to be peculiarly calculated to give me information upon a subject with which my young experience is unacquainted, I take the liberty of troubling you with a little history of my present situation, and the unexpected circumstances that have induced me to apply to your superior instruction.

Permit me then, sir, to inform you, that I am a young man of good expectations, and indeed, I may say with truth, heir to a considerable fortune, and, which is of very great importance, I am on the point of leading the most amiable of her sex to the altar. My father, who has lived a long life of virtue and honour, is anxious, ere he retires to pass the rest of his days at the seat of his ancestors in a distant county, to establish me in my residence in town under his own eye. At the same time, he thinks it right that I should take the active part of this concern upon myself, while he interferes only where I may be at a loss, and when he thinks his advice may be necessary. Now, Mr. Spectator, I am very much at a loss; and though it may appear, in some degree, to be wanting in filial respect, I am more disposed to apply to you than to the good old gentleman.

It might, indeed, be supposed, naturally enough, that a young man who is about to become a husband, and may in no great length of time be a father, and who has lived a little in the world into the bargain, need not have occasion to apply to you for the information which he hopes to receive from you; but it is not necessary for me to enter into the reasons of my particular incapacity in matters of this nature. I shall therefore proceed to inform you, that it is a settled point for us to quit the old house in which our family have resided for many years in Westminster, and to occupy a modern habitation in or near one of the new squares on the northern side of the metropolis; and as it is to be fitted up in a manner suited to the present taste, I received an order to go to all the

fashionable upholsterers, to pick and chuse for myself.

My father, who never did any thing without consulting my mother, when she was alive, and who has acted upon her opinions ever since she has been in her grave, has enjoined me to make the lady to whom I am to be united, an associate with me in this expedition, that her taste and judgment may assist or correct mine in a matter of so much importance to domestic happiness and nuptial union, as the furnishing of a house in which we are resolved to live so happily together.

We accordingly proceeded on our excursion, and entered into what we thought an upholsterer's shop; and it certainly, from its contents, appeared to have a claim to that title; but, at the upper end of it, we saw inscribed, in golden letters of a foot in length, these formidable words, THE MAGAZINE. My dear Celia was immediately, by an unlucky association of ideas, induced to suppose, that it was a place which contained combustibles and other inflammable materials, so that I thought she would have fainted with apprehension before we could get into the street.

The next place of this kind to which we had been particularly recommended, was entitled a MANUFACTORY; and as we were passing through a passage that led to it, we observed on the door a general written notice, that no persons were to be admitted there but on business; and as we had made no particular arrangements which might actually deserve that name, we did not think it right to disobey the injunction.

Our next disappointment was, that, instead of a shop, we were introduced into a place which was denominated an OFFICE: but as we had neither of us ever before heard of an upholsterer's office, we apprehended, if we began talking of furniture, we might be considered as guilty, however innocent, of an insult, and meet with that kind of reception which such a supposed conduct might be thought to merit. We therefore returned from our expedition, and entreated the good old gentleman to suffer us to send for some respectable upholsterer, to receive our directions at home.

There is something, surely, so ridiculous in all this, as to deserve public reprobation: for, if this innovation on long-established and appropriate terms increases, we shall hear of cobler's offices, manufactories of boots and shoes, and magazines of tarts, cheesecakes, and gingerbread, while dustmen will talk of keeping their carriages. —I am, sir, your obedient humble servant,

S. S.

I have lately received no less than four folio sheets full of very closely written observations on marriage: but as it does not suit the nature of my engagements with the public, to enter into such a protracted detail of the subjects I present to its attention, I shall make a few extracts from it, which, as they are not deficient in humour, betray no common knowledge of the world, and relate to so interesting a situation in life as that of matrimony, they may not be unentertaining or uninstructive to a considerable portion of my readers.

" It has been said, by a very in-

genious writer, that the only unhappy situation in marriage is, a state of indifference. Where people love one another, he observes, they have a great pleasure in obliging; and where they hate one another, they have equal pleasure in tormenting: but, where they have neither love nor hatred, and, consequently, no desire either to please or plague, there can be no such thing as happiness. As a general observation, this may have some foundation; nevertheless, I am acquainted with a gentleman and his lady, who, though as indifferent to each other as it is possible for man and wife to be, have nevertheless contrived to be very happy from the misfortunes of their friends.

"These good people, without having the least tincture of affection for each other, contrive to live in a tolerable degree of comfort, by contributing, in an equal proportion, to the abuse of their acquaintance. They are in the constant habit of collecting separately the scandal of the day, and render themselves agreeable companions to each other, by consulting how they may disperse it with enlivening additions and improvements. I have known the lady to be cured of a fit of the colic, by her husband's bringing home the interesting information, that a young lady of her acquaintance had run away with her father's footman; and I once witnessed an apparent suspension of an agonizing pain, on his hearing that an intimate friend was declared a bankrupt in the Gazette.

"But matrimonial happiness is generally thought to be found at home: hence it is, that, in most families, one sees the husband and wife, instead of contenting themselves with the miseries of their neighbours, mutually plaguing one another; and, after a succession of disputes, contradictions, mortifications, sneers, poutings, abuses, and sometimes blows, they retreat separately into company, and add to the pleasure of the societies which they frequent.

"That this is to be mutually happy, few married people will, I believe, be bold enough to deny, especially if they have lived three months together, and are, of course, tired of obliging each other. But it has been very luckily discovered, that as our sorrows are lessened by participation, so also are our joys; and that unless the pleasure of tormenting be confined entirely to one party, the happiness of either can by no means be perfect. The wife, therefore, of a meek and tender disposition, who makes it the study of her life to please and oblige her husband, and to whom he is indebted for every advantage he enjoys, is the fittest object of his tyranny and aversion. Upon such a wife he may exert himself nobly, and have all the pleasure to himself: but it is necessary, however, that he should enjoy it with some degree of caution; because, though the bills of mortality take no notice of it, there is such a disease as a broken heart, and the misfortune is, that there is no tormenting a dead wife. The mode of conduct, however, in this particular, depends very much upon the situation and rank in life of the respective parties: for every man cannot exactly act as is related somewhere of an old serjeant of

seventy, who, when his officer asked him how he came to marry at so great an age, answered, 'Why, and please your honour, they teaze me and put me out of humour abroad, and so I go home and beat my wife.'

"But this privilege is by no means limited to the husband, as indeed in justice it ought not to be; for the wife is seen, not unfrequently, to enjoy an equal degree of similar happiness. Thus, when a woman of family and spirit condescends to marry, for a maintenance, a wealthy citizen, whose delight is peace, tranquillity, and domestic endearments, such a happy wife may continually fill his house with parties, balls, and fêtes; she may teaze, fret, and thwart him with her superiority of birth; she may torment his heart with jealousy, and waste his substance in many ingenious ways which fashion and folly are ever ready to suggest.

"Thus, as an advocate for matrimony, I have entered into a particular disquisition of its principal comforts; and that no motives may be wanting to induce men to engage in it, I have endeavoured to shew, that it is next to an impossibility for a couple to miscarry, since hatred as well as love, and indifference as well as either, if people have sense enough to make a right use of their friend's misfortunes, is sufficient for happiness."

There have been, indeed, very sensible writers, both in ancient and modern times, and it is an opinion, not without its supporters among very respectable people now living, that matrimonial happiness depends upon an union of affections, a striking resemblance of opinions, and a general similitude of character, which will naturally produce a continual interchange of kind and endearing offices. Horace gives this animated description of it:—

Felices ter et ampliùs,
Quos irrupta tenet copula, nec malis
Divulsus querimoniis,
Supremâ citius solvet amor die.

Thrice happy they in pure delights
Whom love with mutual bonds unites,
Unbroken by complaints or strife
E'en to the latest hour of life.

But this was part of a love ode to a lady, of whom he appears to have been deeply enamoured, and when the poet was very young and probably very inexperienced: but, in a fair view of the question, may it not be doubted, whether he would have expressed himself precisely in these terms, if he had been married to her for five or six weeks. Addison may be quoted to the same effect, and some of his papers in the *Spectator*, display very delightful pictures of matrimonial happiness upon the principle of reciprocal affection; but they were written long before he approached the temple of Hymen, in which he certainly did not find that kind of delight, at least, which his poetic fancy, or amorous philosophy, had, in his earlier days, suggested to him. Swift, however, seems rather to have adopted the opinion of the former part of these observations; for it being made a subject of complaint to him by some person, that one of their common friends could never be persuaded to sleep out of his own house, observed, that he should be persuaded to marry, "when, in a month's time," added the dean, "he will

not wish to sleep in his house again as long as he lives." However, *chacun à son gout;* and I have only performed my duty, in pointing out the different ways in which marriage may be rendered happy; and with this knowledge I most heartily recommend all my unmarried readers, to lose no time, but get married as soon as they can.

BRIEF NARRATIVE OF THE VOYAGES AND TRAVELS OF THE RUSSIAN NAVAL OFFICERS, CHROSTOFF AND DAWIDOFF.

By Augustus von Kotzebue.

Such is the title of a most interesting work, the first volume of which recently appeared in the Russian language. A preface by Admiral Schischkoff, one of the best Russian writers, relates the adventures of those two enterprising young officers, and the circumstances that led to their bold undertaking. From this preface the present article is extracted. It will doubtless direct the attention of the German public to the work itself, with the most entertaining portions of which I promise, on some future occasion, to treat my readers.

When this narrative was put to press, the two officers were yet living; but before the second chapter was printed, an unfortunate accident precipitated both into one grave.

Chrostoff was thirty-four years old. He was the son of a counsellor of state, and educated in the corps of sea-cadets. He first served in the marines against Sweden. So early as his fourteenth year, he had been in two obstinate engagements, and received a gold medal of merit. After the peace concluded with Sweden in 1791, he was promoted to the rank of an officer. From 1795 to 1798, he was employed in the squadrons which then co-operated with the naval force of Britain against the French. Two Russian ships accompanied the English expedition against the Dutch fleet in the Texel, and of one of these Chrostoff was a lieutenant. Both of them grounded. At this critical moment, with death staring him in the face, he wrote as follows to a friend:—"Our situation is intolerable. Here we are fast aground, and all the other ships are sailing by us. The flattering hope of assisting in the conquest of the Dutch fleet has vanished. We are cursing our pilot, who, without this, is already half dead of fear. An English vessel, the America, has likewise taken the ground, and this circumstance affords some alleviation to our keen disappointment. To be sure, it is not right to rejoice at the misfortunes of others; but now we may, perhaps, experience rather more indulgence, for the English will not be able to say, that a Russian ship only stuck fast on the sand-bank. Perhaps, too, Admiral Mitchell will not venture to give battle without these two ships; meanwhile we shall gain time to get afloat again, and shall come up early enough to share the glory."

The ship was actually got off by means of incredible exertions, in

which Chrostoff's activity was remarkably conspicuous. On the following morning she was in the line, ready for battle. This single anecdote may serve to shew with what ardour the youth aspired to renown.

After his return to his native country, he was obliged to wait more than a year, with the greatest impatience, for an opportunity of acquiring distinction. A boundless love for his parents alone counterpoised his desire of fame. His father had, in a lawsuit of twenty years duration, expended his whole fortune, and was now reduced, with a numerous family, to indigence. The son soon formed a resolution, which he took care not to communicate to a soul. He threw himself at the feet of the emperor, and implored his interference in behalf of his distressed parents. The monarch commanded him to rise, desired him to be easy, and sent him a present of a thousand rubles, which Chrostoff most respectfully declined.—"I can live upon my pay," said he, "but it is for my parents that I solicit; they have lost their all by a tedious suit." The emperor enquired into the affair, commanded him to keep the present, and settled upon his father a yearly pension of one thousand rubles. The happy son acquainted his parents with the joyful intelligence, and, in the letter to his mother, he inclosed the thousand rubles which he had himself received.

Soon afterwards his wish for activity was gratified. The Chamberlain Resanoff, one of the principal members of the American Company, and who afterwards accompanied Krusenstern as ambassador to Japan, knew him personally, and had heard much of his courage and address: for these reasons, he proposed to him to proceed over-land to Ochotsk, and there to embark in one of the Company's vessels for America. He cheerfully accepted this proposal, requesting only a respite of five days, that he might go into the country to his parents, and take leave of them. The same day he accidentally met with Dawidoff, a midshipman, a young, but very brave officer, who hearing of Chrostoff's intention, conceived a strong desire to accompany him, though no more than eighteen years of age. His friend, delighted with this resolution, took the youth to Resanoff, who engaged him also in the service of the American Company.

The parting from his parents, especially from his mother, who most tenderly loved him, was a severe trial for Chrostoff. He, however, concealed his grief under the disguise of affected cheerfulness; but, when he had torn himself from their arms, he sunk senseless in the carriage that was conveying him away from them: and it was not till then, that a torrent of tears gave relief to his heart.

The two friends now proceeded to America. The first volume comprehends the account of this voyage. In two years they returned. They had spared no exertions, and procured considerable advantages for the Company, but without benefiting themselves. It was not to amass riches that they quitted their country; all that they brought home with them, they might carry on their backs. Chrostoff had saved about eight hundred rubles in money,

which he would have given to his mother; but notwithstanding his urgent entreaties, she refused to accept it.

The parents of the two friends now wished their sons to leave the Company's service, and return to the navy: but the Company having become acquainted with their merits, esteemed them both highly, and made them a second proposal for a similar expedition, with the promise of doubling their salary, and making it four thousand rubles per annum. Having taken some months to consider of the offer, they resolved to embrace it; but on this occasion Chrostoff felt an uneasiness, which it was impossible for him to conceal. A few days previously to his departure, he again brought the fruits of his economy to his mother, together with a paper, which was read by his parents with astonishment and emotion. It contained an engagement on the part of the Company, to pay them annually half of their son's salary, that is to say, two thousand rubles.—"Will you sacrifice yourself for our sakes?" cried his mother, sobbing, and would have torn the paper; but on his knees, and with tears, he implored her not to deprive him of so sincere a pleasure, so great a satisfaction. He valued his life, he said, only inasmuch as it was of service to his parents. This circumstance, which may be thought to wear an air of romance, is, however, strictly true. In order to procure for his parents a decent subsistence, this dutiful son embarked a second time on the dangerous expedition. On the 14th May, 1804, he set out with his companion.

Resanoff had, in the mean time, proceeded with Captain Krusenstern to Japan. Chrostoff and Dawidoff again travelled by land to Ochotsk, where they went on board the Maria, and sailed for America. The ship sprung a leak, which obliged them to put into the harbour of St. Peter and St. Paul, where, on account of the lateness of the season, they were obliged to winter. The following year Resanoff returned from his unsuccessful expedition to Japan, and resumed the command of the Maria. Under him the two friends visited the islands of St. Paul, Oonalashka, Codiak, and Sitka. Resanoff, who conceived himself ill treated by the Japanese, here devised plans of revenge. He determined to inspire those people with respect for the Russian flag; to make them sensible, by force, that it was better to live in peace than enmity with the Russians; and to compel them to conclude a treaty of commerce. During his residence in Japan, he had been secretly informed, that the people were in a violent ferment against their priests. He hoped, by means of a small assistance, to give the superiority to the people; and upon this hope he grounded the following plan.

Not far from Japan lies the fertile island of Sachalin, whose original inhabitants, the Ainos, are a very different race from the Japanese. (The reader is referred to Krusenstern's voyage, where the Ainos are described as a most amiable people). About sixty years ago the Russians sent a colony thither; but what became of it is not known. The Japanese conquered

the island, settled in it, and treated the inhabitants as slaves. Resanoff determined to make himself master of this island, to expel the Japanese, to lay waste their establishments, to carry off all that was movable, and to burn the rest or give it to the Ainos. He then purposed to distribute silver medals, to take the people of Sachalin under his protection, and to declare them to be Russian subjects. He moreover designed to make prisoners of some of the Japanese, with their priests, and carry them to Ochotsk, where they should be treated with the utmost kindness. These men, as he supposed, would, when he should after some time convey them back to their country, have much to say in favour of the Russians, and thus the confidence of the Japanese would at once be gained.

Thoroughly convinced of the practicability of this immature plan, he ordered two ships to be equipped for this expedition, and wrote as follows to Chrostoff and Dawidoff:—

"From your first voyage to America I became acquainted with your courage. Your speedy return evinced your address, and your readiness to undertake a second expedition proves by what sentiments you are animated, and how strong is your love for your country. The time in which I was myself your companion will never be forgotten by me: but it was not till now—that I am on the point of embarking in an expedition of great importance, which cannot fail to give prosperity to this country—it was not till now that I was thoroughly sensible what a treasure I possess in you. We require two armed vessels, which I have already ordered to be built. You, my friends, who are every moment ready to sacrifice yourselves for the public weal, I entreat to accept the command of these vessels, and to superintend and hasten their construction. I hope they will be finished by April, and be ready to sail the following month. Many things I know we shall want; but when was ever a great exploit accomplished without difficulties?—These shall not depress our courage, but, on the contrary, they will heighten our glory. I think it as yet unnecessary to explain my intentions circumstantially, but in proper time you shall be made acquainted with them. As to the goodness of the ships, I confide in the skill of the builders; but in what relates to the expedition, I trust entirely to your intelligence and experience. With impatience I await the moment in which I shall admire your achievements. With united energies we will proceed to the execution of the great undertaking, and shew the world what a handful of brave Russians are capable of performing."

After giving directions for the necessary preparations, he, in the presence of the two friends, likewise dispatched a report to the emperor and to Count Romanzoff, minister of commerce, in which he detailed the advantages to be expected from the expedition; and added, that he should never have undertaken such an enterprize had he not fortunately had under his command Lieutenant Chrostoff, a most active, expert, and intrepid officer.

Whilst one of the ships was building, an opportunity offered for purchasing a second of an American, named Wulff. She was called the Juno, and it was decided that Chrostoff should command her. The new one was given to Dawidoff, and called the Perhaps.

Till the 25th of February, 1806, they continued at the island of Sitka. Here they were reduced to extreme want of bread, to remedy which Resanoff went on board the Juno and sailed for California. The voyage lasted several months. He was very kindly received by the Spaniards, and returned on the 9th of June with a large cargo of wheat, which put an end to the famine at Sitka.

On the 25th July he again put to sea with both ships, with the intention of proceeding to the execution of his plan; but in a few days, he suddenly changed his intention, no one knew for what reason. "I have all along cherished the wish," said he, "to be able as an eye-witness to relate your deeds to the emperor; but I am obliged to return to Petersburg. I therefore direct Dawidoff to sail to Sachalin and Matmay, and there to wait for the Juno in Aniwa Bay, or the channel of La Perouse.—Lieutenant Chrostoff shall convey me to Ochotsk, and then return immediately, on which you will proceed with united force to fulfil my instructions." These instructions, the principal points of which are contained in the letter given above, he delivered to Chrostoff, and wished him success in their execution. The crews were required to swear to keep the whole affair a profound secret.

The ships now separated. Resanoff arrived safe at Ochotsk, where he disembarked, and ordered Chrostoff to be ready to sail at a moment's notice. But under the pretext of adding something to his instructions, he demanded them again of Chrostoff, who delivered them up without the least suspicion. After some time they were returned to him. He read the additions with the utmost astonishment, and hastened on shore to request a verbal explanation, but Resanoff was gone.

The additional directions were to this effect:—"The damage sustained by the fore-mast, which cannot be repaired here at Ochotsk, will render it necessary for you to go back to America. The time when you ought to have rejoined the Perhaps is past, and that ship, according to her instructions, must already have sailed for that continent. Your absence also has occasioned a deficiency of hands, who might, in case of need, have defended the harbour. In a word, I think it necessary to annul my former instructions, and now command you to sail to America.—If, however, the wind should compel you to visit Aniwa Bay, and it can be done without loss of time, endeavour to gain the confidence of the inhabitants of Sachalin by presents and medals, and to discover the real situation of the Japanese in that island. Even this alone will, I think, procure you sufficient honour; but the return to America must at all events be your first object. Should you meet with the Perhaps, communicate to her these instructions. For the rest, should circumstances, that cannot now be

foreseen, occur during the voyage, act in the manner most advantageous for the Company. For the fulfilment of my last instructions, I trust to your abilities and experience. I sincerely lament that your mast cannot be changed here, and that several reasons compel me to alter the plan.

"*Sept*. 24, 1806. "RESANOFF."

The reader may conceive Chrostoff's astonishment and perplexity on reading this ambiguous addition. He was naturally thrown into the most painful uncertainty respecting what was now to be done. Was it reasonable that an expedition of such importance, and already so expensive to the crown, should be relinquished on account of a damaged mast? His consort was waiting for him, and might be lost or taken by the Japanese. The additional instructions directed him to go to America; they also enjoined him to go to Japan; they annulled the former, but yet encouraged him to execute them by the words, "Even this alone will procure you sufficient honour."—Was it not as much as to say, that the accomplishment of the whole would confer much more? At the conclusion, he laments the necessity for this order, and plainly intimates, that he should not have given it, had it been possible to procure another mast in the port of Ochotsk.

Amidst all these equivocations, any other than Chrostoff would have taken good care not to endanger his own life, as, in case he were called to account, he might at all events produce the additional instructions in justification of his conduct. He, however, reflected thus within himself:—The expedition is not abandoned by him, but only delayed; and this delay may be extremely injurious, and even occasion the loss of the other vessel. Why is it delayed? merely on account of the mast. It is clear that Resanoff's wishes are for the expedition, but he is now rather doubtful of its practicability; consequently, it is my duty to surpass his expectations. Considering the matter in this point of view, Chrostoff weighed anchor and sailed to Japan. He there found that he was too late for his consort, but this new obstacle was incapable of repressing his enterprising spirit. He landed, and executed unaided one part of his instructions. He made himself master of the Japanese magazines, and loaded his ship with corn; on which he set sail for Kamtschatka, hoping to find the Perhaps in the harbour of St. Peter and St. Paul. In this hope he was not disappointed. Disease and the bad condition of the ship had obliged Dawidoff to quit his post; and both vessels were now necessitated to pass the winter together in Kamtschatka.

The following year, 1807, the ice was not yet broken up, when, with great exertion, they cleared themselves a way out of the harbour, in order to accomplish the work which had been begun. Their narrative relates how they arrived at Aniwa Bay, and performed every thing that they were directed in their instructions. They then sailed with a valuable cargo of corn for Ochotsk, intending from that place to transmit a report of their proceedings to the government, to take on board various commodities

belonging to the American Company, and then to fulfil the last part of their instructions, namely, to go to America.

With the cheering consciousness of having performed their duty, they landed at Ochotsk, hoping to be received with joy and exultation, but very different was the fate which there awaited them. Resanoff had fallen sick on his journey, and died at Krasnojarsk. Captain Bucharin, who then commanded in the port of Ochotsk, and who was soon afterwards removed on the general complaint of the whole country, imagined that the two ships were laden with gold and silver. Under the pretext that the expedition had been undertaken without orders, he seized the vessels, and directed Lieutenant Chrostoff, together with his companion Dawidoff, to be thrown into prison. They were stripped of every thing, even to their very clothes, and for a whole month they were treated with the utmost inhumanity. They were separated from one another, so that they were deprived even of the miserable satisfaction of mutual complaint, and had no other prospect than that of dying of hunger in a damp and filthy dungeon.

From this dreadful situation they had no means of deliverance, except flight. But how were they to elude the vigilance of their numerous guards? How, without money and provisions, could they venture to traverse immense deserts? Jakutsk, the nearest place, was not less than a thousand wersts distant. Their guardian angel prepared the way for their release. By their courteous behaviour they had gained the love of all the inhabitants, and their guards themselves were affected by their unmerited sufferings. They found an opportunity of communicating with each other, and agreed to attempt their escape by night. The health of both was indeed impaired in the unwholesome dungeon, and their strength was reduced by hunger; but they chose rather to die in the enjoyment of liberty than to linger out their days in confinement. The appointed night arrived. Each left behind a paper in his prison, declaring that the guards had been stupified by opium. Their joy at meeting once more and sinking unfettered into each other's arms, was inexpressible. Some benevolent inhabitants of Ochotsk had provided them with two guns and a quantity of biscuit. They immediately set out on their journey; but fearful of being pursued, they took their way through woods and morasses where human foot had never yet trodden.

At first it seemed as if their emaciated bodies would not long be capable of enduring such fatigue. They were so much exhausted, that they already sought a cavern for their grave. Nevertheless, pure air and daily exercise, of both which they had been for two months deprived, operated with such beneficial effect, that they began to recover their strength and spirits, and courageously persevered. We are not informed how long they were in performing this dreary journey. Their provision was soon consumed, and they were reduced to the greatest extremity. Almost perished with hunger, sick, and in tatters, they at length reached Jakutsk. An order from Ochotsk for

their apprehension had arrived before them. This order, among other things, contained this remarkable direction—to search whether they had any gold along with them. Bucharin thirsted for gold even in a region where a crust of bread is deemed far more valuable.

The governor of Jakutsk commanded the fugitives to be confined. The governor-general, however, hearing of the circumstance, dispatched an order that they should be sent to Irkutsk. A rumour of the affair had also by this time reached Petersburg; the minister wrote, forbidding the officers to be detained: and thus they at length found their way back to the metropolis, in 1808, after an absence of four years.

Scarcely had they reposed three months from their fatigues, when General Buxhowden, who commanded the army in Finland, was apprized of their return; and having previously heard of their courage and abilities, he requested the assistance of the two officers by name of the minister of the marine. They were instantly ready for the defence of their country. Three days after they had joined the army, twenty gun-boats were placed under their command. With these they had an obstinate engagement with the enemy, on the 18th of August, near the island of Sudzolow, and proved victorious. Chrostoff was the bearer to Count Buxhowden of the account of this action, in which, according to the official report, he bore a most distinguished part. The count was highly pleased with the intelligence, and as they were just then passing a piquet which saluted the general, he said, pointing to Chrostoff, "Not to me, but to the conqueror." He repaired in person to the shore where the boats lay, and where all their crews triumphantly assured him, that the victory was gained by Chrostoff alone. Four times during the action had the young hero been on the brink of destruction, for four boats in which he was had been shattered and sunk.

On two other occasions during this campaign, did he gather laurels in similar engagements: on the 6th September off the island of Palvo, and on the 19th off that of Tevsalo; where the Vice-Admiral Mesajedoff highly commended his extraordinary intrepidity. In all these dangers Dawidoff was his inseparable companion; he also distinguished himself, and was slightly wounded. In the beginning of winter both repaired to St. Petersburg, in hopes of receiving the reward of their gallantry. Inscrutable fate, however, decreed otherwise.

Wulff, the American, of whom they had purchased the Juno at the island of Sitka, and with whom they had formed a sincere friendship, arrived on the 4th of October, 1809, at St. Petersburg, and as he was obliged to set out again the next morning, he requested his old friends to pass the evening with him. He lodged in Wasiliostrow, an island, connected by a bridge of boats with the other parts of the city. It was late before they separated. When Chrostoff and Dawidoff came to the bridge, they found one of the boats removed to allow a bark to pass. The space between the bark and the bridge appeared but small. Impatient to

get home, they designed to jump upon the bark, and thence on the other side of the bridge, but not springing far enough, both fell into the Newa and were drowned. They had courageously traversed the most tempestuous and dangerous seas; a hundred times they had braved death in battle; they had fortunately escaped tempests, rocks, and bullets; they had exposed their lives in the deserts of Siberia, and were now destined to lose them in the midst of the capital, returning from a convivial party. Their bodies were sought in vain. No pen can describe the anguish of their parents and friends.

ON COMMERCE.

No. XXXIII.

The principal advantage which the Isle of France derives from its ports and situation, is, that of being a military depôt for wars in India; but then the mother country must possess the superiority at sea: in such case, a commercial *entrepôt* would be the natural consequence. Having thus given as ample an account of these two interesting islands as we could select from the works published, at different periods, by the Abbés Raynal and Le Caille; Messrs. Rochon, St. Pierre, Poivre, Le Gentil, and Cossigny, who was governor here in the year 1791; together with those of our own countrymen, Admiral Kempenfelt and Captain Munro; we must beg the indulgence of your numerous readers, whilst we make some brief remarks and observations upon the conduct of several of our former administrations, and put some interrogatories why these islands were permitted to remain so long in the possession of our avowed enemy, the French, who were also our determined rivals in the trade of India; and whence also our trade thither was greatly annoyed, and more than once in danger of annihilation.

To shew the consequence of these islands to France in the defence of her possessions in India, it will only be necessary to cite some few passages from the authors already mentioned. The Abbê Raynal, who visited these islands in person, speaking of Mauritius, and of the many speculative projects for rendering it most useful both to itself as well as the then mother country, France; among other matters, says, that, in 1764, government took the colony under its own immediate controul; and from that period to 1776, the population had been successively increasing to 6386 whites, including 2955 soldiers; 1199 free negroes, and 25,154 slaves: the cattle also were increased to 25,367. Some few years before, it was suggested to the government to buy up, at a good price, all the grain which the planters might have to sell, since which time the harvests had considerably increased; and he adds, if this plan is uninterruptedly followed, the colony will soon furnish provisions, not only sufficient for its own inhabitants, but also for those navigators who may frequent its roads; and likewise for the numerous fleets and armies

which circumstances must, sooner or later, bring thither.—"Then this island will be the bulwark of all the settlements which France possesses, or may one day acquire in the Indies; the center of all military operations, offensive or defensive, which her interest will oblige her to undertake or to sustain in these distant regions." He proceeds by saying, "As it lies out of the common track, its expeditions can be carried on with greater secrecy: those who wish it were nearer to our continent, do not consider, that if it were, it would be impossible to pass, in a short time, from its road to the most distant gulphs of these regions, which is an inestimable advantage to a nation that has no seaport in India. Great Britain sees with a jealous eye her rivals possessed of a settlement where the ruin of her property in Asia may be prepared. At the breaking out of a war, her utmost efforts will certainly be exerted against a colony that threatens her richest treasures.—What a misfortune for France, should she suffer herself to be deprived of it!"

MERCATOR & CO.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

MR. Ackermann has issued proposals for publishing by subscription, in twenty monthly numbers, forming two volumes, *The History of the University of Cambridge:* illustrated by eighty highly finished and coloured engravings, fac-similes of drawings, representing exterior and interior views of the colleges, halls, public buildings, and costume, as well as of the more striking parts of the town; dedicated, by permission, to his Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester, Chancellor of the University. The first number of this work, which will in every respect correspond with The History of Oxford, now publishing, will appear on the 1st of May, 1814.

The same publisher also announces the following works:—

1. *Poetical Illustrations*, by Wm. Combe, Esq. of six engravings by Thielke, after the elegant designs of her Royal Highness the Princess Elizabeth: to be printed by Bulmer, at the Shakspeare press.

2. *A Tour to Scarborough*, a poem, forming one volume, royal octavo, embellished with twenty-one coloured engravings.

3. A new edition, being the fourth, of the popular *Tour of Dr. Syntax in Search of the Picturesque;* which, with the preceding work, will appear in the beginning of August.

4. *The Costume of Yorkshire*, illustrated by forty highly finished and coloured engravings, fac-similes of original drawings, descriptive of the peculiar dress, occupation, and manners of various inhabitants of that extensive and populous county. This work, printed by Bensley, will be published by subscription, in ten monthly numbers, forming one handsome volume, uniform with the Costume of China, Austria, &c. containing forty highly finished coloured engravings. Five hundred copies only will be printed, and the first number will appear in August.

5. *A Series of Flowers and Fruits*, engraved by Mr. Busby, from the

designs of Madame Vincent, of Paris. This work will be completed in twelve numbers, the first of which will appear on the 1st of August. Each number will contain two beautiful coloured subjects and outlines, well calculated as studies for pupils, and will be accompanied with letter-press instructions.

Mr. L'Evêque is engaged in the publication of a series of Engravings, illustrative of the Campaigns of the British army in Spain and Portugal, under the command of the Marquis of Wellington. Two numbers have already appeared, and when complete, this work will be a highly interesting and splendid monument of the successes of the British arms in the Peninsula.

Major Stewart's *History of Bengal, from the first Mohammedan Invasion until the virtual Conquest of that Country by the English A.D.* 1757, in 4to, will appear in the course of the present month.

A novel from the pen of a lady of considerable literary celebrity, is in the press, entitled *The Age we Live in.*

Mr. Bradley has in the press, a new elementary work on *Geography*, the result of much practice in the art of teaching. It is essentially different from all others, and by it may be acquired, in one quarter of the time, a more correct and comprehensive knowledge of geography, than can possibly be obtained from any of the old systems.

Mr. Martin Smart, the late editor of Blair's Class-Book, had prepared for the press a work on a similar plan, but adapted exclusively for young ladies. It will be published in a few days, under the title of *The Female Class-Book.* The extracts, which are taken principally from female writers, relate wholly to subjects connected with female duties, morals, manners, and education, though enlivened by occasional pieces of an entertaining description. But the principal feature which will recommend it to adoption in ladies' schools, is, a more scrupulous regard to the exclusion of all pieces in any degree likely to heat the unguarded imagination, or excite a too lively curiosity in young minds.

Dr. Robert Watt, of Glasgow, has in the press a work on the *History, Nature, and Treatment of Chincough,* illustrated by a variety of cases and dissections; to which will be subjoined an enquiry into the relative mortality of the principal diseases of children in Glasgow during the last thirty years, and the number who have died at various periods under ten years of age.

Shortly will be published, printed upon card leaves of cartridge paper, to be used with a portable frame, which will ensure their durability, Reynolds' *Arithmetic for Madras Schools,* or a specimen of the four fundamental rules as originated and taught in one operation, with such complete success, at the Lambeth School; and peculiarly calculated, from its simplicity, to save three fourths of the time usually appropriated to the study of these rudiments.

Robert Corry, jun. Esq. proposes to publish *The History and Antiquities of Yarmouth, in Norfolk,* in two quarto volumes, embellished with many engravings.

Messrs. Cadell and Davies have circulated proposals, for the pur-

pose of informing the possessors of the magnificent edition of the Sacred Scriptures published by the late Mr. Macklin, that it will shortly be completed by the publication of *The Apocrypha*, printed in the same size and manner by Mr. Bensley, and forming a volume similar to those of the Old and New Testaments. It will be illustrated by historical engravings by Messrs. C. Heath, Landseer, Bromley, Golding, &c.; and head and tail pieces wholly by Mr. Landseer, from pictures and drawings which were the last work of the late Mr. de Loutherbourg.

Shortly will be published, in two volumes 4to. *Historical, Military, and Picturesque Observations on Portugal;* illustrated by numerous coloured views and authentic plans of all the sieges and battles fought in the Peninsula during the present war, by George Landmann, Captain in the corps of Royal Engineers.

The Rev. D. Williams, late of Christ-Church, Oxford, will shortly publish, in an octavo volume, *The Laws relating to the Clergy;* intended as a guide to the clerical profession in the legal and canonical discharge of their various duties.

Mrs. Pilkington will shortly publish *Sketches from Nature*, written during a short residence at Margate.

W. H. Yate, Esq. will speedily publish, *The Palace, or Memoirs of the Royal House of Denmark*, founded on the Marriage Act of that state.

Captain Matthew Flinders is preparing for publication, by authority of the Board of Admiralty, *A Voyage in Terra Australis*, in his Majesty's ship the Investigator, in two quarto volumes, illustrated by plates and charts.

Mr. Robert Walpole has in the press, in a quarto volume, *Memoirs on European and Asiatic Turkey*, from the manuscript journals of modern travellers in those countries.

A Tour in Teesdale, including Rokeby and its environs, is in the press.

At a late meeting of the Royal Society, an interesting paper by Dr. Reid Clanny, of Sunderland, was read; in which was described his newly invented lamp for affording a clear and steady light, without any chance of exciting those dreadful explosions in coal-mines, which are still so common and so destructive, notwithstanding the advantages of ventilation. The lamp is very strong and extremely simple, while at the same time the light is so completely isolated from the atmosphere, that no more air can explode at a time than the lamp contains; and by this means, no accident whatever can happen to the miners or pitmen. It appears, that, during the last seven years only, above 200 miners have been suddenly killed in the neighbourhood of Sunderland alone, who have left 300 widows and children to be supported by the public.

One of our correspondents would be glad to receive information respecting the origin of the seal used by the Mayor of Dover. The devise is a beggar entreating alms of a knight in armour, mounted on a charger. He conceives, that it must have some reference to a circumstance, of which all with whom he has conversed on the subject, are

ignorant. Some of our readers may, perhaps, have it in their power to gratify the curiosity of this correspondent.

The late Mr. Close, of Dalton in Furness, Westmoreland, was induced, some years before his death, to devote his attention to the means of rendering the limited scale of the French horn, bugle horn, and trumpet more complete. This point, after many experiments and much philosophical reasoning on the subject, he accomplished, to the astonishment of all who were competent to judge of the difficulties which he had to surmount.—The first of these improvements, which has long been desirable to musicians, is accomplished by tubular appendages, connected with the main channels of horns and trumpets, and provided with finger-holes, which are *open* when the instruments produce the notes of their original scales, and variously closed for those that are supplementary. The second particular of the invention is obtained, by affixing very small pipes, or tubular appendages, to those parts or flexures of the instruments where water collects; in such manner, that the fluid may either flow out spontaneously, or be expelled through the same by the performer occasionally blowing into his trumpet without sounding, and holding it in a proper position for the ducts to convey the water.—The finger-holes are added to each instrument upon a new principle. They are not contained in the side of the *main channel*, as already intimated, but in a pipe communicating with it. By several peculiarities of construction, the larger additions have been reduced to such compact sizes, as to be no encumbrance; and the holes brought into a convenient compass for fingering, which is so easy a process, that, for the most useful supplementary notes in the principal key of each instrument, it may be acquired in half an hour by an intelligent performer. Indeed, by a systematic simplification of the fingering, whole strains may often be played on the trumpet with the movement of a single finger. The instruments constructed with these improvements are appropriately denominated *polyphonian*.—This invention Mr. Close disposed of to Mr. Percival, of St. James's-street, London, who obtained a patent for it, and who has spared neither attention nor expence to render the improvement as perfect as the ingenious inventor could desire. Anxious to accomplish this, Mr. Percival had a French horn made with the utmost care, to send to Furness, for the inspection of Mr. Close, who, in the last stage of a consumption, was extremely anxious to see it complete. Notwithstanding his zeal to gratify this the inventor's favourite wish, it did not arrive until the day after that which closed for ever the eyes of the worthy and ingenious philosopher of Furness.—Nothing can exceed the beautiful harmony that is produced by a duet played upon French horns constructed on this improved plan. To military bands these instruments are indispensable, as they are now capable of accompanying an air in any key.

A serpent of a species supposed

by Bryan Edwards, in his *History of Barbadoes*, to have been extinct for more than 100 years, was lately found on the island: it was twelve feet long and two feet in girth; and had killed several head of cattle, by enfolding its body round their throat, and suffocating them. It displayed extraordinary sagacity in eluding search, never choosing a hiding-place which had not several openings remote from each other, whence it usually escaped. Its powers of motion were incredible, distancing the swiftest dogs, and clearing at a bound a space of fourteen feet. Many of the negroes, from the sagacity, wisdom, and courage displayed by the animal, considered it as animated by an evil spirit, and began to regard it with veneration: it was killed in the act of bringing forth its young, eight miles from the spot where it was first seen, and where it had suffocated a heifer.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

L'EROINA DI RAAB, *the much admired Opera as performed at the King's Theatre for Madame Catalani's Benefit, composed and dedicated, by Permission, to his Grace the Duke of Devonshire,* by G. G. Ferrari; *the whole arranged* by M. C. Mortellari. Pr. (complete) 1l. 5s.; 1st act, 15s.; 2d act, 12s.

The overture to this opera may fairly challenge competition among dramatic compositions of this class. It exhibits a combination of skill, science, and classical taste rarely to be met with in similar productions of the present day. The slow movement is impressive and solemn; but it is the allegro, in particular, which has engrossed our attention, by the rich display of Mr. F.'s compositorial talents: its fine subject in E minor, the skilful deductions drawn from it in every imaginable key, the occasional wanderings through ranges of scientific chords, the many original transitions, the well contrived counterpoints—in short, the whole structure of this movement, place the author's well known abilities in the most conspicuous and enviable light.

On comparing the subsequent vocal part of the opera with the overture, a sensible difference cannot fail to be felt. It is as if, in the latter, the author had proposed to treat the select few with the richest effusion of his talent, and had intentionally, probably not voluntarily, restricted a portion of that talent, in order to adapt the vocal part of the opera either to the taste of the performer or to that of the general mass of the audience, or perhaps to both. Hence we find the general complexion of the arias, duets, &c. bearing the character of rather agreeable, neat, and not unfrequently elegant music, than of scientific labour and originality. Not that we wish to depreciate the merit of this arduous performance; on the contrary, we are free to say, *L'Eroina di Raab* appears to us the best opera that has for some years been written in this country: all we maintain is, that a little less adherence to the common formulas and well beaten track of the Italian school, would have infused additional interest into the work.

Our confined space forbids a *catalogue raisonné* of the numerous pieces contained in the two volumes before us. To mention a few: Madame Catalani's cavatina, "*Ti lascio, t'abbandono*," and her subsequent duet with Signor Tramezzani, is an elegant composition. That gentleman's song, "*Tuonai tra l'armi in Campo*," is spirited and imposing, and well supported by a richly diversified accompaniment. The grand scena, sung by Madame Catalani (*p.* 30), has no less a strong claim to our approbation. The several movements it consists of are well devised, and combine to produce an interesting whole; that part especially where the chorus intervenes or mingles with her strains, produces a happy effect: and here, as well as in some other instances, we have to applaud the judgment of the arranger, who, to render Madame Catalani's part accessible to less proficient singers, has added an additional stave, exhibiting the essence of the melody under a less complicated form. In the finale, the canon, "*Sento fra palpiti*," merits unqualified and great praise. This is Mr. F.'s *forte;* and accordingly we find the three voices rivetted into each other not only with skill, but with such taste and knowledge of effect, as to produce a well linked and chaste progress of the general harmony.—In the second act, our attention is strongly fixed on Mr. Righi's "*Come potra quest' Anima.*" The motivo of the andante possesses uncommon sweetness, and is (*p.* 78) reintroduced with the best effect. Altogether, this composition contains some happy ideas, which entitle it to a prominent rank in the work. The sudden burst into C major from four sharps, is one of its excellencies. The little trifle assigned to Signora Luigia is by no means the least in our love; on the contrary, however singular we may appear, there is, in our opinion, more originality in the turn the melody takes *p.* 82, and especially in the neat transition to E major, than in almost any other part of the opera; although we could have wished for a more natural progress of harmony at "*il nostro stato e questo.*"

Having already exceeded our limits, we shall conclude this critical sketch by rendering due justice to the taste and picturesque variety which is conspicuous in most of the accompaniments; a merit of the Italian school which Mr. F. has brought into action with as much ability and judgment as decided success.—Among several errors of the press, one which gives the treble, instead of the bass cleff to the aria, "*Sono gli Eroi del Tebro,*" might puzzle at first sight; and to the publishers, Messrs. Falkner and Christmas (who deserve great credit for the neat typographical execution of this publication), we would suggest the expediency of adding an index of the songs, &c. to any future opera they may have to lay before the public.

Divertissement Dansant, formant six Contre-Danses de differentes Nations, avec Figures characteristiques par Madame Angiolini, la Musique composée et dediée to the Hon. Miss Mercer Elphinstone, par F. Venua. Pr. 4s.

The *Danses* of this rather novel

publication, possess much of that lightsome grace which characterizes other compositions of Mr. Venua's; although, as far as we may presume to be judges, some of the ideas they exhibit, appear more congenial to scenic than to domestic performance. The different subjects devised in the French, Polish, Russian, Spanish, German, and Italian styles, bear considerable marks of respective musical nationality. The Russian subject in particular is highly original, and the pretty ideas that movement contains, are enhanced by some select harmonic colouring. The *Polonaise* deviates from the marked character of the Polacca, by closing with the common chord in the *accented part* of the bar. The minor is too abruptly introduced after the 4 bars major, which do not terminate in a full cadence; and in the second bar of the minor, besides our objection to the two first E's in the melody (which had better have been E sharp), the harmony of the accompaniment is faulty: it ought to be—A (sharp) 4, 6. In the *Bolero*, the long white notes in the bass are not a sufficient support for the dancers. The *Allemande*, No. 5, and *L'Italienne*, No. 6, are uncommonly neat; the different parts are square and well rounded. Of the figures we cannot pretend to judge; the name of their author, Madame Angiolini, is a sufficient pledge for their adequacy and elegance.

No. 13. "*Pray Goody,*" *with Variations for the Piano-Forte, Harp, and Flute, composed, and inscribed to the Right Hon. Lady Charlotte Gordon*, by J. Mazzinghi. Pr. 5s.; single, 3s.

However satiated with "Pray Goodies," we were greatly entertained by this new dress which Mr. M.'s fertile imagination and fine taste have devised for the good old lady; and we can aver, that the evident pains and attention exerted in preparing a holiday dress, calculated to outshine the numerous productions of musical mantua-makers and botching tailors antecedently employed on her ladyship's shape, have not been bestowed in vain. The theme itself is well harmonized, and almost at the outset thrown advantageously into the left hand. A pleasing singing melody is extracted from it, *p.* 3, at *con espressione*; *p.* 4 we observe an interesting use of crossed hands, and some able bass passages. When the harp enters as principal, a rich and striking harmony is produced. The variation in broken semiquavers *p.* 7, the running passages *p.* 8, and the fanciful little coda, have each their distinct attractions. All seems in its proper place, and the author's care, assisted by his great experience, is visible throughout; so that we may venture to assign to this number a pre-eminent rank among its predecessors.

The Flight from Russia, a Rondo for the Piano-Forte, by Miss A. Valentine. Pr. 1s. 6d.

The introductory slow movement is very respectable; but faults occur in the cadence (*l.* 4, from one pause to the other). In the first bar of the rondo, also, we meet with several successive octaves. Otherwise we are, upon the whole, pleased with this movement. The minor too, *p.* 3, is well *put together*;

but it is not the first time that we have heard its component parts.

Beauty in Tears, a Ballad, sung by Mr. Braham, in the Grand Romance of Lodoiska, written and arranged by John Parry. Pr. 1s. 6d.

A neat trifle, of simple melody and plain harmony. It is, however, impossible not to recognize its parent, "*Cease your funning,*" which, unconsciously no doubt, prevailed in Mr. P.'s imagination at the time of writing "*Beauty in Tears.*"

"*The fair Nymph I adore,*" *a Canzonet, composed* by a Lady. Pr. 1s.

Sweetness and adequate expression are more perceptible in the melody, than constant correctness in the harmony. In the second bar, for instance, the discord leading to the chord of E, is not solved. The latter part of bar 7 is likewise crude. A little study of grammar, added to the fair author's taste, will render her compositions interesting.

Six favourite Songs for the Piano-Forte, arranged, in an easy Style, for the use of juvenile Singers.— Book I. Pr. 5s.

A collection of the following popular airs, from the works of different composers, viz. — 1st. *Robin Adair*, sung by Mr. Braham.—2d. "*Sad, sad is my breast,*" composed by Mr. William Reeve.—3d. *The little Netting-Girl*, by Mr. Bishop. —4th. "*Ah! roses are sweet,*" by Mr. M. P. King.—5th. "*The sigh of her heart was sincere,*" by Sir J. Stevenson.—6th. "*He loves and rides away,*" by Mr. C. E. Horn. This selection appears judicious; the arrangement is, as professed, very easy, and, in general, proper; although in some instances errors have crept into the harmony. Bars 7 and 8, *p.* 4, are very objectionable, on more than one account; and, in *pp.* 9 and 10, we have discovered several instances of successive octaves.

Les petits Bijoux. No. IX. Pr. 2s.

This is, in our opinion, the best number of Messrs. Goulding and Co.'s publication above named. It consists of a romance and rondo, composed by the Rev. Mr. Gelinek. The larghetto throughout is tasteful, but its second part, in particular, beyond our praise. The rondo, with a subject in the waltz style, possesses, from beginning to end, the most elegant fluency: its modulations in the latter part of *p.* 3, are uncommonly fine; and the conclusion is masterly. In short, every thing here is good and complete, and by no means over intricate: we cannot, therefore, dismiss this composition without the strongest recommendation.

The Medley Pas-seul in the Pantomime of Harlequin and the Red Dwarf, or the Adamant Rock, composed by W. H. Ware. Pr. 1s. 6d.

After a decent little slow movement in C minor, come the well known dances, "*Voulez vous danser, Mademoiselle?*" and *The Recovery*, with a short minor, and an appropriate conclusion.

Of ALADDIN, or *The Wonderful Lamp*, the melo-dramatic romance performed at Covent-Garden, the following pieces, arranged for the piano-forte, have appeared in print, viz.—

The Overture, composed by W. H. Ware. Pr. 2s.

We were much pleased with this overture, and consider it one of the best Mr. W. has written. The slow movement is chaste and im-

pressive. The allegro (which is indebted for its subject, almost *verbatim*, to Mozart's "*Notte e giorno fa-ticar*") has also considerable claims to our favour. The ideas follow each other in smooth succession; some agreeable responsive passages occur *p.* 4, where (*l.* 2), and *p.* 5, *l.* 2, we discover modulations highly creditable to the author. The sudden appearance of the chord of B (*p.* 5, *l.* 3), causes pleasing surprise; and the allegro from thence is ably led to a shewy termination. The subject of the rondo is beautiful, and its superstructure, as well as the clarinet solo, are proper and in good taste. The whole is within the reach of moderately advanced players, and very proper for their exercise.

"*Every Face looks cheerly, Glee for three Voices (Aladdin)*, by W. H. Ware. Pr. 2s.

Although simple in its structure, and not peculiarly striking by any original passage, this trio is put together in good order, and proceeds respectably, so as to promise entertainment to plain singers.

The Bell-Dance (Aladdin), by W. H. Ware. Pr. 1s. 6d.

A neat allegretto, with several interesting variations, of which the one at bottom of *p.* 3 has excited our especial attention by its well devised bass. There are one or two grammatical flaws, such as *p.* 4, *l.* 5, *b.* 2, where offensive octaves have crept into the arrangement.

The Grand March (Aladdin), composed by W. H. Ware. Pr. 1s. 6d.

The motivo and the elaboration are spirited, and well calculated for the dramatic effect intended. Among the several distinct parts, the one in the middle of *p.* 2 is particularly well imagined. The arrangement is so easy as to be accessible to beginners, for whose practice and amusement this piece appears to us well calculated.

"*Though highest Rank and Power be mine" (Aladdin), sung by Miss Bolton, accompanied by the Harp, composed* by H. Condell. Price 1s. 6d.

We regret to say, this composition does not, in the arrangement before us, exhibit any one commendable feature. Consecutive octaves, and other transgressions of the laws of harmony, occur in every one of the three pages.

The Medley Pas-seul (Aladdin), composed by H. Condell. Price 1s. 6d.

The first line almost deterred us from proceeding to the performance of the remainder; and we are compelled to own, that the sequel afforded no cause for congratulating ourselves at having overcome our primary reluctance.

Vive Henry Quatre, with Variations for the Piano-Forte, by J. L. Dussek. Pr. 2s.

Every lover of French music is acquainted with the wild originality of the air which forms the theme of these variations, which, to say little, are equally original. Unquestionably, they contain many skilful and beautiful harmonic combinations; but, on the other hand, we have met with numerous, so unaccountable and unwarrantable, deviations from not only the rules of strict harmony, but even the most extended latitude a composer may allow himself, that we frequently felt momentary doubts, whether this composition owed its origin to the Dussek we so often and so

warmly admired. As an instance of compositorial temerity, the publication is highly curious. Unique specimens, like the close of the 1st part of the third variation, are to be met with in abundance; in short, a mutinous spirit against the established laws of counterpoint, seems to have guided this time the great Dussek's pen. The latter portion of the publication is more loyal: vars. 8, 9, and 10, are not only very good, but in many parts evince beauties worthy of the departed author's great genius. All requires first-rate proficiency on the instrument.

National Melodies, consisting of the most admired Airs of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, arranged as Rondos, or with Variations for the Piano-Forte, and an introductory Movement to each, composed by the most eminent Authors. No. XII. Pr. 2s. 6d.

Ditto, Ditto. No. XX. Pr. 2s. 6d.

Both the above numbers of Messrs. Chappell and Co.'s monthly publication, are from the pen of Mr. Graeff. The former sets out with a very fine adagio in F, which, among other commendable ideas, exhibits (*l.* 3) a series of chromatic transitions, perfectly sufficient to give an opinion, if necessary, of the author's classical and scientific taste. The subject of the variations is the Scotch air, "*Down the burn, Davie.*" Although we have no great predilection for the choice of Scotch themes to variations, we must do Mr. G. the justice to say, that he has ably fought against the difficulties his selection entailed upon him. In the variation *p.* 5, he has the least successfully struggled against the awkward nature of that part of the melody which, in the 8th and 16th bars, closes with the third of the key (A): hence the uncouth harmony *p.* 5, *l.* 1, *bb.* 2 to 3, &c.:—*p.* 4, *l.* 5, likewise, we meet with offensive fifths in the bass between the end of the 2d and beginning of the 3d bar. We were particularly pleased with the whole of *p.* 7; where an interesting play upon a range of chords leads, under suspended harmony, to a tasteful conclusion. The more Mr. G. has swerved from his unthankful subject, the more interesting his performance has proved in this instance.

No. XX. likewise built upon a Scotch theme ("*My Jo Janet*"), gives rise to very similar observations. The cadence (E, G) alone, of every period in the melody of the subject, is too repugnant to have given it any strong claim for selection. The introductory slow movement, except bar 3, and its brothers and cousins throughout (which present successive fifths), is replete with expression, tasteful ideas, and select harmonic combinations. In the allegro we notice the agreeable dolce, *p.* 4—the neat passages and modulations, *p.* 5—the ingenious deduction of the minor from the major theme, *p.* 6—and of the presto, *p.* 8, from the same parent stock. A great recommendation in favour of this and of the preceding composition, is, the attention which has been paid to digital facility, and which infuses ease into passages of difficult aspect.

Plate 9.—PORTMAN-SQUARE.

This square is esteemed the next in beauty, as it is in extent, to Grosvenor-square. It is built with more regularity than the latter; but the very uniformity of the houses, and the small projection of the cornices, are not favourable to grandeur and picturesque effect. It is of more modern erection than any of the other squares in the western part of the metropolis, and received its name from an opulent family, to which its site and that of several of the adjacent streets belongs, and of which John Berkeley Portman, Esq. M. P. is the present representative The north side is the part exhibited in the annexed view.

One of the most conspicuous objects about this square, is, the mansion of the late Mrs. Montague, in the north-west corner. This lady, who was not more distinguished for a highly cultivated understanding and literary talents, than for the native benevolence of her heart, made it a custom, while she lived, to give an entertainment annually to the children doomed to a trade at once dangerous, disagreeable, and proverbially contemptible, the chimney-sweepers. On May-day, their annual festival, her house and gardens were thrown open to as many of them as chose to partake of a plentiful dinner of roast beef and plum-pudding, provided for the occasion. The tables were laid in the garden, and during the repast, the sooty guests were waited upon by servants in livery, with the greatest formality and attention. Monarchs themselves, at their public dinners, might have envied the concourse of persons of all ranks who assembled to witness the gratifying spectacle. The inquisitive observer of human nature could not fail to remark, in the conduct of the guests, the proneness of man to forget himself, and to assume an air of importance whenever he is raised ever so little above his ordinary sphere; whilst the great majority, to whose minds no such humiliating reflections suggested themselves, were highly diverted with the many insolent airs assumed on the joyful occasion by the gentlemen of the brush, who, bedizened in their May-day paraphernalia, and mounted on their donkeys, would rush through the crowd of spectators with all the arrogance of foreign princes.

Respecting the circumstance to which this benevolent custom owed its origin, we have no certain information. According to report, it was instituted in memory of Mrs. Montague's brother, who, in his infancy, was kidnapped, and, after some time, discovered in the service of a chimney-sweeper. The hardships which he endured in this degrading employment, are said to have made so deep an impression on the mind of his relative, that she established this festival, in order to afford those who are engaged in it, at least one happy day in the year.

At the south-west corner of the square, is the house in which M. Otto, the negociator of the peace of Amiens, on the part of France,

resided. The brilliance of the illuminations displayed by him on that event, must still be remembered by many of our readers; but probably the following anecdote may not be so generally known. One of the devices exhibited in the front of M. Otto's house, in allusion to the peace, was the word CONCORD, formed of variegated lamps. Musicians teach, that there can be no *concords* without *discords*, and so it had well nigh proved on this occasion. Among the vast concourse of spectators attracted from all quarters by the magnificence of the scene, were two honest tars, who were much better versed in the nautical vocabulary, than in the lessons of Dilworth or Mavor.—"Hey, Jack," said one to the other, "what d'ye call that?"—"*C, o, n, c, o, r, d*," said his companion, spelling the word:—"a lie, by G—d! D—mn my eyes if we are *conquer'd*." Indignant at what they conceived so *glaring* a violation of truth, these hearty fellows began priming and loading with such missiles as they could pick up, with the avowed intention of demolishing the obnoxious device; when a by-stander, who had overheard their conversation, with some difficulty appeased their patriotic fury, and convinced them of their mistake.

During the residence of the last Ottoman ambassador to the British court, in the metropolis, he occupied a house on the west side of the square. Within the extensive inclosed area in the center, is a small summer-house, erected at the expence of his excellency, for the accommodation of the ladies who frequent this place as a promenade, and left by him, at his departure, as a token of his gratitude for the civilities and attentions which he had received from them. Whilst the ambassador continued here, this square was the resort of all the beauty and fashion of this district of the metropolis.

If we cannot help considering this square inferior, as a promenade, to some others which are enlivened and diversified by trees and shrubs, its nakedness, however, affords this advantage, that the eye of the passenger is enabled to take in the whole at one view; whereas, in Grosvenor-square, for example, the prospect of the houses on every side, except that where the spectator may happen to be, is in a great measure obstructed.

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS.

SPANISH PENINSULA.

OUR sanguine expectations founded upon the gigantic plan of campaign, and the great strength and effective state of the army of Lord Wellington, as well as on the conviction of the numerical inferiority of his opponents, have been more than realized. The result of his lordship's profound manœuvres has been the BATTLE OF VITTORIA, a victory unprecedented in the annals of British valour, an event pregnant with momentous consequences, not only for Spain, but for all Europe!

We have to take up the narrative of the military occurrences which

preceded it, from the 2d June, when we left our commander in chief at Toro upon the Douro. On that day Colonel Grant had a brilliant cavalry affair with the French rear, which lost 210 prisoners and many killed. On the 3d his lordship moved his right wing, under General Hill, across the Douro, and united the Galician army under General Giron, to his left wing under General Graham. The French united armies of Portugal and of the North had crossed the Douro at Tordesillas, on the 1st and 2d June; and the day after, their army of the Center under Marshal Jourdan, hastily marched from Madrid, likewise crossed that river, to join their fugitive brethren. Valladolid was evacuated on the 4th. On the 7th, the allied army, in rapid pursuit of the enemy, crossed the Carrion, and having in like manner passed the Pisuerga on the 8th and 9th, its left wing, already sufficiently forward, was halted on the 11th or 12th; while the right was moved towards Burgos, where the enemy had established himself in position. A movement by our left turned this position, forced him to cross the Arlanzon, to evacuate Burgos (the castle of which, of impregnable memory, he blew up), and to fall back, by Briviesca and Miranda, upon the Ebro, destroying every one of the defences they had been at so much pains to fortify, except the castle of Pancorvo.

To be able to chase the French army to the left bank of the Ebro, had hitherto been the utmost extent of the most sanguine expectations. A simple manœuvre *now* drove them entirely from that river. On the 14th our left wing, under General Graham, crossed it as high up as St. Martin and Rocamunde, appeared directly in the flank of the enemy, and forced him to abandon this important line. On the next day the rest of the allied army passed by the same bridges and that of Arenas. Two French corps, the one collected at Frias, the other at Espejo, endeavoured to arrest the rapid progress of our troops by an attack made on the 18th by the former against Baron D'Alten's brigade at St. Millan, and by the latter against the advance of General Graham's corps at Osma. Both attempts were not only quickly repelled, but General Graham, in overthrowing his opponents, followed on their heels through Espejo, and arrived at Subijana on the river Bajas; whither the whole of the army was moved on the 19th. The French rear-guard being found in a strong position on the left bank, they were manœuvred out of it by our light division, which turned their left, while the 4th division attacked them in front. This operation pushed them on Vittoria, where, favoured by the ground, and depending upon works devised for that purpose, as well as on an immense artillery, Marshal Jourdan (who now commanded in chief, and who had collected the French armies of the Center, the North, and of Portugal on that spot), resolved to await Lord Wellington, and to oppose by a pitched battle his further progress. His lordship, accepting the challenge, employed the 20th June in reconnoitring the enemy's position, in closing up his columns, and in disposing them in stations suitable for the contest of the following day.

The French army, stated 70,000 strong, was posted in an extended line in front of the town of Vittoria, with the small river Zadora partly before them; their left rested on the strong heights of Puebla de Arlanzon, their center stretched across the valley of the Zadora, and their right, stationed near Vittoria, was destined to defend the passage of that river in the neighbourhood of the town. They had, besides, a reserve in the rear, and one division with some cavalry placed on the extreme left, along the villages of Gamarra Menor, Gamarra Major, and Abechucho (which places were strongly entrenched), to protect their communication with France by the high road to Bayonne.

The operations of the memorable 21st of June commenced from our right. The important post on the heights of Puebla, insufficiently occupied by the enemy, was carried by Sir Rowland Hill with some Spanish and English troops. As soon as Jourdan perceived his mistake, every exertion was made to recover the lost ground. Fresh French troops were successively detached to force the post of Puebla; but Sir Rowland Hill being proportionally reinforced, and his Spanish division, as well as the English battalions sent to their support, fighting with heroic obstinacy, Puebla was never lost one moment. Under cover of these heights our right crossed the Zadora, and took the village of Subijana de Alava, against great resistance, and against repeated attempts to recover it. Having thus secured a footing upon the enemy's flank, and opened the passages of the Zadora, several divisions of our center crossed successively the stream higher up, with a view to a combined attack with Sir Rowland Hill; but the enemy's line having been weakened by his detachments on the left, he did not await the attack, but retreated in good order from this part of the scene of action to Vittoria.

While our right and center gained these successes, our left wing under Graham, the columns of which, owing to the difficulty of the ground, were brought forward much more slowly than had been expected, made their appearance on the extreme right of the enemy, and immediately moved on the high road to Bayonne: Gamarra Menor was gained in an instant; Gamarra Major, by its strength, offered an obstinate resistance; but, in spite of a murderous fire of artillery, our troops stormed it without firing a shot, and took three pieces of cannon. Abechucho next shared the same fate, after an obstinate defence, and a further loss of three cannons. The greatest efforts were made by the French to recover Gamarra Major, but Major-General Oswald bravely maintained the place. The conquest of these villages intercepted the enemy's retreat by the great road to Bayonne; and when, by a simultaneous attack on Vittoria, they were next driven out of the town, and completely routed, the only retreat left to them was by the lateral road to Pampeluna; in adopting which they were so vigorously driven from post to post, that it was impossible for them to draw off their train: hence the whole of their artillery, consisting of 151 pieces of cannon, all

their ammunition, all their baggage, all their treasure, in short, every thing they had, not excepting Jourdan's marshal's staff, became the prey of the conquerors. The enemy's loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners, passed over in silence, as usual, in Lord Wellington's dispatch, is estimated at about 12,000: thus small, because the mountainous ground prevented our cavalry from effecting the total ruin of the hostile army. Our own loss is officially given as follows:—

	KILLED.		WOUNDED.	
	Officers.	*Men.*	*Officers.*	*Men.*
British	22	479	168	2740
Portuguese	7	143	52	847
Spaniards	4	85	11	453
	33	707	231	4040
	Officers	33	Officers	231
Officers and men		740		4271
			Killed	740
			Missing	266
Grand total, "*hors de combat*,"				5277

As the loss in missing chiefly arose from the troops losing their corps in the pursuit after dark, the total loss of the allies may be estimated at 5000 men.

The subsequent movements of Lord Wellington (who, in reward of this victory, and in return for the conquest of Marshal Jourdan's staff, has received from the Prince Regent the staff of a British field-marshal), are known but to a few days later. Longa and Graham were detached on the 23d to pursue, and, if possible, to intercept a division under General Foy, on its way from Bilboa to Irun. Longa fell in with its rear at Mondragon, and took six cannons; and General Graham having joined him, both arrived on the 25th June before Tolosa, of which they possessed themselves after an obstinate resistance. The French General Clausel, with that part of the army of the North which had not been in the battle of Vittoria, came from the Ebro, and approached the town the day after the victory; but, on hearing of the disaster, he retraced his steps, descended along that river, and arrived before Saragossa.

Lord Wellington, in his further pursuit, took from the French the only gun remaining to them after their defeat, and arrived upon their heels before Pampeluna; which fortress having left garrisoned, they hastened on their way to France, by the road leading to St. Jean Pied du Port. Unincumbered with any wheeled vehicle, their infantry will regain France through that difficult pass; but as it is impracticable for horses, their cavalry must reach the French territory unmounted. Their horses, therefore, unless destroyed, may yet form an appendix to the trophies of Vittoria. On the 26th June, when Lord Wellington's head-quarters were at Orcoyen, close to Pampeluna, that fortress was completely invested by Sir R. Hill.

EAST OF SPAIN.

We turn with regret from the north of Spain, the scene of British glory, to enter upon a much less grateful narrative of recent events that have occurred along the Mediterranean shores of the Peninsula.—The Anglo-Sicilian army, under Sir John Murray, so long inactively cooped up at Alicant, was embarked there in the latter

days of May, together with a Spanish division and a complete train of besieging artillery. It sailed from thence on the 31st May, and a fair wind wafted the army so rapidly towards Catalonia, its destination, that on the 4th of June the whole army, amounting to at least 13,000 infantry and some hundred cavalry, was landed at Cape Salon, near Tarragona. To secure its flank, a small part of its force was forthwith detached to what is called the Col de Balaguer, a mountainous pass close to the sea, through which winds the great road from Tortosa to Tarragona, and which was defended by the fort of San Felipe, garrisoned by about 100 French. In spite of almost insurmountable difficulties, heavy guns were brought up the mountains, and the fort battered so effectually, that on the 7th the garrison surrendered prisoners of war to Lieutenant-Colonel Prevost, who had been joined by a brigade of the Catalan army. In the mean time Sir John Murray had commenced the siege of Tarragona. But General Suchet was not idle: as soon as he had ascertained the sailing and the destination of the British armament, he made the following dispositions:—One division of his Valencian army, augmented by two brigades from the two remaining divisions (left behind under General Harispe), in all about 7000 men, was sent northward to Tortosa; while General Decaen was ordered to dispatch nearly an equal number, under General Mathieu, from the north of Catalonia, towards Tarragona. These dispositions made, Suchet joined his column on the 11th June at Tortosa, where he learned the fall of Col de Balaguer, the only road to convey cannon to Tarragona from the south. Although thus disappointed, he lost no time in adapting his further operations to circumstances. By a circuitous route he arrived sufficiently near to Tarragona, to announce on the 12th, by the lighting of fires, his approach to the garrison; and, at the same time, the column under Mathieu had advanced as far as Vendrils and Villafranca, with the view of co-operating in the relief of Tarragona. These combined dispositions, as Suchet expresses himself, "frightened" Sir John Murray, who hastily re-embarked his troops, leaving, according to the French account, his battering train (about 30 pieces), ammunition, &c. before the walls of the fortress. The armament then proceeded off the Col de Balaguer, and tarried there till the 21st, during which interval some skirmishes occurred between Suchet's army and some battalions of ours on shore. On the last-mentioned day, Suchet's report informs us, that Sir John sailed southward, after blowing up the fort of St. Felipe in the Col. Five ships were lost on the mouths of the Ebro. The French marshal followed the armament by forced marches, and arrived at Castellon de la Plana on the 22d, where he supposed a second debarkation would be attempted; which, however, according to his statement, was prevented by his arrival and the violence of the winds. The last report we have of Suchet, dated at Valencia, 25th June, informs us of the armament having appeared off the Grao, or port of Valen-

cia: its further movements remain unknown.

At the departure of Sir John Murray from Alicant, the second and third Spanish armies, under Generals Elio and the Duke del Parque, being united, entered the position previously held by the Anglo-Sicilian troops; and subsequently put themselves in motion towards the Xucar, behind which river Suchet had ordered General Harispe to withdraw his forces. Suchet's dispatches mention two affairs which Harispe sustained successfully against the attacks of the Spaniards on the 11th and 13th; but their result, even by the French account, appears not decisive enough to require detail in this place.

Such is the deplorable result of an enterprize from which the greatest consequences had been expected. Had it succeeded, it would have been the finishing blow of Spanish emancipation, the last act of which, as had been its first, would have been the capture of another whole French army: for then Suchet was in a mouse-trap, and must sooner or later have surrendered. But aware of his danger, he and his army exerted energies of mind and body commensurate to the exigency. Suchet's manœuvres were masterly.—As to Sir John Murray's conduct, although the arrival of his dispatches has not yet furnished his defence, the public feeling in England appears to be greatly excited to pronounce his condemnation; and we must confess, since the failure was not owing to any *new* means brought unexpectedly into action by the enemy, it appears to us clear, that blame rests somewhere: either the plan itself was bad, or the means inadequate, or the execution unsatisfactory. In our opinion, the idea of landing an effective force in Suchet's rear was admirable; but we do not think it impossible but Sir John Murray may be able to prove, that his numbers were insufficient to face all the contingencies of the hazardous undertaking: we conceive he was too weak by at least 5000 men. Indeed, we do not see why all the troops in the neighbourhood of Alicant, including Elio's and Del Parque's corps, were not sent upon the same service, either at once, or by the returning ships, after Sir John Murray's army was landed, and had, by the possession of St. Felipe and a line of works, established a firm footing in Catalonia before it exposed itself in attacking Tarragona. Under the present circumstances, there was no danger in leaving the road to Alicant open to Suchet; he knew he was already quite enough southward, not to hazard further progress in the same direction. If the strength of the British expedition was insufficient, its re-embarkation, under the circumstances we have recited, will perhaps be justifiable, although, by taking a position in the Col, our army might possibly have maintained itself. But we conceive it more difficult to advocate the abandonment of the artillery, and probably impossible to excuse the evacuation and blowing up of the fortress of the Col de Balaguer. By leaving a garrison there, Sir John might, after his re-embarkation, as he did, have drawn Suchet once more down to Valencia, then turned about again,

and have a second time disembarked in Catalonia. The fatiguing marches which he would thus have caused to the enemy, no army could have sustained; in short, he would have exhausted the physical strength of his opponents.

As the case now stands, the failure of Sir John Murray's expedition will greatly disconcert Lord Wellington's plans. Not only will it now be scarcely possible to intercept Suchet's return into France, if he chuses to go, but it is extremely probable, that that general, on his arrival in Catalonia, will, by the junction of the disposable French troops of the Catalonian army, and of the divisions under Clausel (easily brought down from Saragossa), be at the head of an army sufficiently numerous to attempt the defence of so strong a province. Nay, if the troops which Lord Wellington has driven through the western Pyrenees into France, should, after securing the western passes, defile behind those mountains, re-enter Spain at the eastern pass of Perpignan, and join their brethren under Suchet, it will at least require another campaign to clear Catalonia of the enemy. Far therefore from falling in with the sanguine expectations entertained by our cotemporary politicians, of Lord Wellington's marching immediately into France, we think his lordship will find in Catalonia sufficient scope to exert his great military talents for some time to come.

The preceding is a very brief sketch of the important operations at the outset of the present Spanish campaign. To a military man the profound plans and manœuvres of the British field-marshal, afford an ample source of valuable information. They form of themselves a perfect course of strategetical instruction. Here for once the whole mystery of Bonaparte's warfare, especially in the recent German campaign, has been laid open. Lord Wellington, like Bonaparte, has had the advantage in numbers over his enemy. It is thus that he has, on all occasions, been able to outflank his adversary, by wheeling forward either his right or left; and, to the honour of the leader as well as the led, will our foe be forced to own, that the great mass of force under the field-marshal's command, has been wielded with admirable promptitude and precision, like one great engine. It is precisely thus that Bonaparte, by a surplus of force operating on his adversary's wings, has not only gained many of his victories, but, as in the instance of Borodino and Lutzen, *advanced after sustaining defeat*.—It is only from great national efforts that such decisive results can be expected: and in contemplating the strenuous exertions used by government to put Lord Wellington into the commanding attitude he has now attained, it would be unjust in a British patriot, not to pay his tribute of praise and gratitude to those who have so wisely and vigorously brought the national energies into action.

NORTH OF EUROPE.

We have briefly to touch upon one or two affairs which occurred on the flank and in the rear of the French army at the very time the armistice was signing in Silesia, or a few days after, before the compact for the cessation of hostilities

was generally known throughout the extended line of the belligerents.

After the slight affair near Hoyerswerda, Oudinot, with 30,000 men, continued his progress towards Berlin. On his arrival at Luckau, he met the Prussian corps of Bulow; a furious engagement ensued (4th June), and, after a combat of eleven hours, the enemy was defeated and repulsed with the loss of 2500 men and three pieces of cannon.

Czernicheff's corps, after the brilliant affair of Halberstadt, was daring enough to enter Saxony, and on the 7th of June even appeared before the gates of Leipzig. It was in vain that the governor of the district, Arrighi (yclept Duke of Padua), sent out to inform the Russian partisan of the armistice just concluded. Czernicheff replied, that not having any official information of the fact, he could not act upon it, and without ceremony attacked the city. The resistance was obstinate, but the Russians forced their way into the town, killed and wounded 1000, and took 1500 prisoners.

The armistice, of course, rendered all these successes nugatory, but they proved the perilous situation Bonaparte was in at its conclusion, and augment our regret at the insufficiency of the allied forces, which alone induced, indeed probably compelled them to resort to a step, which, it appears, the whole Prussian population learned with the utmost regret. In a proclamation to the inhabitants of Prussia Proper, government found it prudent to accompany the notification of the armistice with the assurance, that it should not lead to a peace; adding, "the Prussian nation, in the recent events, has recovered its honour; it remains for it to regain its independence!"—Nay, such was the indignation of the military at the compact entered into with Bonaparte, that some Prussian corps actually disclaimed the armistice, made war, as Napoleon expressed himself, "on their own account, after the manner of Schill," and so sensibly embarrassed his communications as to oblige him to detach columns for their suppression. He has not yet told us of their destruction!

Bonaparte's residence has hitherto chiefly been at Dresden, where, as may be supposed, his situation and his activity allowed him very little repose. He daily reviews some part of the old army, and of the reinforcements flocking to him from all the regions under his sway. A Bavarian army of observation is collecting at Wurzburg, another army of reserve assembles at Verona, under the superintendence of Beauharnois, who suddenly was detached from the grand army to Milan, for this and perhaps more important purposes. The Polish corps under Poniatowsky, which in the last campaign was pushed by the Russians against the Austrian frontier in Gallicia, has also, by a circuitous route through the Austrian dominions, rejoined, although in a very ineffective state, the grand French army. Besides these accessions of strength, Bonaparte is fortifying a number of places along the Elbe, from Hamburg to Konigstein. But in the death of Alexander Berthier (Duke of Neufchatel and Wagram), which credible

accounts from Germany mention as certain, Bonaparte has lost a valuable military adviser and assistant. The Russian campaign had undermined his health. He is stated to have died at Dresden in June.

Of the preparations of the allies we have had less information, although what we have learned is sufficient to persuade us, that every nerve is strained on their part to be in a condition to resume hostilities with vigour. The Crown Prince of Sweden is collecting and organizing a formidable army in Pomerania. Besides Czernicheff and Tettenborn's corps, including the Hanseatic legion, which have been placed under the command of his royal highness, the Russo-German legion, stated at 15,000 men, has arrived at Rugen, and receives great numerical accessions from German patriots that hasten to fight their country's cause under the Swedish banner; and several thousands of excellent troops have left England for Stralsund likewise.

Denmark, unfortunately, is now decidedly an additional enemy, whom the politics, or rather the errors, of the allies have gratuitously excited, and whom the triumvirate of British, Russian, and Swedish plenipotentiaries, which on the 31st May appeared before Copenhagen, in vain attempted to reconcile. The Danish army is under Davoust's orders, and a corps of theirs, under Count Schulemberg, had penetrated to, and possessed itself of Lubeck, before the armistice had extended its effect to the maritime provinces of Germany. Subsequently, the armistice was accepted by the Swedish Crown Prince, and a line of demarcation agreed upon.

Of Hamburg, the patriotic, the unfortunate Hamburg, we cannot speak without emotions of the keenest sorrow and commiseration. Every kind of misery, except slaughter, has been heaped on its noble inhabitants by the ruthless tyrant who enslaved its liberties. Immense contributions, sequestrations, and proscriptions, have, since its fall, formed the successive themes of Davoust's numerous ordinances; and thirty-four of its most respectabl[e] merchants were seized and carrie[d] off as hostages for the payment o[f] the first instalment of the contribution. The city is declared in state of siege, and its miserable in[-]habitants are forced to labour at th[e] fortifications, which are to secur[e] it from a second emancipation.

The Emperor of Austria still tar[-]ries on the Bohemian frontier, an[d] strives to persuade the belligeren[t] parties to a general peace; bu[t] according to all appearances, hi[s] endeavours have hitherto been with[-]out effect; although the Frenc[h] bulletins wish to persuade Europ[e] that a general congress of the ho[s]tile and neutral powers is imme[-]diately to take place. It is, however, said, that the demands of Austria are such as are not likely to be acceded to by France; and the aspect of affairs would warrant a conclusion of Bonaparte's mistrusting the intentions of his father-in-law: fortifications are erecting on the Saxon frontier towards Bohemia, and the two French armies collecting at Wurzburg and Verona, just opposite the two most threatening *debouches* from the Austrian monarchy, although possibly

stationed there for general purposes, seem more immediately destined to observe and meet the movements of the Austrian forces. Our next Retrospect will decide the question of peace or war; for on this very day (20th July) the armistice expires; and before its expiration the news of Lord Wellington's decisive and great victory in Spain, will have reached all the continental belligerents. That event happened most opportunely; while it cannot but strike alarm into the breast of Bonaparte, it will exalt the spirits of his opponents, shake the fidelity of his friends, and probably alienate from his side the sentiments of those that have hitherto hesitated as to the choice of their conduct.

AMERICA.

At last we have the grateful task of recording a British naval triumph over our Trans-Atlantic enemies. On the 1st of June, the Shannon frigate, Captain Broke, appeared off Boston, in the harbour of which lay the United States frigate the Chesapeake, Capt. Lawrence. The challenge for single combat was understood and accepted by the American. The Chesapeake instantly came out of harbour in full sail, and with the conviction of certain success; for her crew consisted of 440 picked men, her size exceeded that of the Shannon by 150 tons, and she mounted 49 guns; whereas the British frigate counted at the most but 46, and those of less aggregate calibre. Not a shot was fired till both ships were nearly side to side; then a rapid and tremendous exchange of broadsides commenced, and continued until the enemy's main chains were locked in our fore-chains. At that moment, Captain Broke, who perceived the Americans flinch from their guns, gave orders for boarding. Not an instant was lost, the British sailors rushed from every deck, nay even from the masts, into the enemy's ship, which was carried and in our possession in the course of three minutes, the whole action having lasted but fifteen minutes. Our loss consisted in 3 officers and 20 men killed, and 2 officers and 56 men wounded. Among the latter is the brave Captain Broke himself. He received a severe sabre-cut on the enemy's forecastle, but the wound is not dangerous.—After the victory, both ships sailed away (to use his own words), "as if they had merely been firing a friendly salute," and arrived safely at Halifax.

MEDITERRANEAN.

By letters received from Malta, dated in May last, we have received the painful intelligence of the plague's having made its unequivocal appearance in the city of Lavalette. From ten to twelve people had then died daily by the ravages of the disease.

PLATE 10.—FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

THE antique sofa and table represented in the annexed plate, are designed as accompaniments to each other, and are therefore imagined upon similar principles of taste. It is not sufficient, that the ornaments

and the colours of the furniture should correspond, but a harmony of this principle must pervade the whole; without which, our endeavours to obtain the requisites of the agreeable, the elegant, or the beautiful in furniture, will be defeated. To illustrate this position, too little regarded in the art of design in the furnishing department, a third piece is represented, ornamental in itself, but obviously constructed with other feelings of style, and it thence becomes incongruous with the table and the sofa: in these the quantity of horizontal and of vertical lines are similarly proportioned, but in the former piece (an angle pedestal) this proportion is destroyed, and the upright lines predominate, without so complete a transition as would render it the means of connecting the furniture with the architectural embellishments of the apartment: candelabra and tripods admirably effect this object, and, from their decided character, do not militate against the effect of either.

The sofa and the table may be executed of satin, Coromandel, or rose wood, of ebony or of mahogany, decorated with bronze, ormolu, or with carvings in the respective or contrasting woods.

.Φ.

FASHIONS FOR LADIES.

PLATE 11.—THE VITTORIA OR WELLINGTON COSTUME, FOR EVENING DRESS,

Is composed of Venetian crape, placed over a white satin under-dress; a treble row of shell-scallopped lace ornaments the feet, above which is seen a border of variegated laurel. A bodice and Circassian top sleeve of pomona green satin; the bosom interspersed with shell-scallopped lace, and correspondently ornamented. Shoulders, back, and bosom much exposed. Hair in dishevelled curls, with variegated laurel band in front, and a transparent Brussels veil thrown across the back of the head, and descending irregularly over the back and shoulders. A chain and cross of pale amber ear-rings, and bracelets of pearl. Slippers of white satin; gloves of French kid; and fan of carved ivory.

PLATE 12.—MORNING OR DOMESTIC COSTUME.

A petticoat of jaconot or cambric muslin; with a Cossack coat, or three-quartered pelisse, of lemon-coloured sarsnet, with vandyke Spanish border of a deeper shade. Full sleeves, confined at the waist with a broad elastic gold bracelet; confined, also, at the bottom of the waist, with a ribband *en suite*. Foundling cap of lace, with full double border in front, confined under the chin with a ribband the colour of the pelisse, and tied on one side: a bunch of variegated carnations placed on the left side. Gloves and Roman slippers of lemon-coloured kid.

EVENING DRESS.

...REPOSITORY of ARTS &c. Pub. 1 Aug.t 1813, at 101 Strand, London.

MORNING DRESS.

No. 56 of R. ACKERMANN'S REPOSITORY of ARTS &c. Pub. 1 Aug. 1813 at 101 Strand, London.

MEDICAL REPORT.

An account of the practice of a physician, from the 15th of June to the 15th of July, 1813.

Acute diseases.—Fever, 3...Sore-throat, 2....Pleurisy, 2.....Urticaria, 1....Erysipelas, 2.....Apthæ, 2....Hooping-cough, 3....Cholera, 2....Enteritis, 1...Acute rheumatism, 2....Acute diseases of infants, 5.

Chronic diseases.—Asthenia, 8....Vertigo, 2....Head-ach, 3....Cough and dyspnœa, 16...Rheumatism, 9..Phthisis, 1.... Dyspepsia, 5....Gastrodynia, 2....Enterodynia, 1..Colic, 1...Hœmatemesis, 4.... Diarrhœa, 5....Dropsy, 2....Cutaneous eruption, 3....Female complaints, 4.

We have now attained what may be termed the healthy season. Illness has much diminished. The late showers have proved salutary, by cooling the air and freshening vegetation. Still it is advisable for all who are able, to seek for amusement and diversity of pursuits in country rambles, or an excursion to the coast. It is much to be regretted, that people whose avocations do not allow them to quit London, should not have the advantage of bathing on a grand and liberal scale, with a certainty of the bath being constantly supplied with fresh water, and upon terms that all classes of people might avail themselves of the privilege. The scite of London is well adapted for the institution of all kinds of baths; and the facility of supplying them with water, leaves no excuse but the paltry one of expence, which, if the concern was made general, and public feeling in its favour properly excited, would readily be obviated. Even the great plan which was submitted to the House of Commons last year, for establishing sea-water baths in the metropolis, by means of pipes, bold and extensive as it undoubtedly was, yet was perfectly practicable, and promised the most beneficial consequences. For, independent of the relief sea-bathing affords in many species of disease, it is invigorating to the system. The warm-bath, either fresh or marine, is a luxury of the first order, and, used in moderation, is by no means relaxing or debilitating. It seldom happens that medicine is palatable, or that the remedy applied by the physician is perfectly accordant to the feelings and taste of the patient. In most cases this natural repugnance to drugs is beneficial, by preventing their being abused; for the continued use of medicine renders it inert, and the stomach becomes indifferent to the stimulus. But, in general, the warm-bath is resorted to with delight; and whether used as a luxury, or applied as a remedy, it occasions the most agreeable sensations; and, unlike the pleasurable excitement of opium, leaves behind no sinking, no unpleasant impression. But innocent as bathing may appear, its use requires discretion and greater caution than is commonly observed. That which properly directed, has cured insanity and canine madness, and, incautiously used, occasioned apoplexy, must be an important agent; and, in some circumstances and some periods of life, demands great care, both as to the time and manner in which it should be employed.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

The showery weather in the early part of last month, has somewhat impeded the hay harvest; but it has rendered a most essential service to the farmer, not only by bringing the corn and fruit to an early maturity, but, by giving a rapid growth to the young turnip plants, by which means they have escaped the fly more

than in any summer for some years past. The turnips are generally a strong plant, without a ragged seed leaf.

The wheat crop is partially thrown down by the late showers, but the ear fills well, and promises more than an average crop, should the weather be favourable for harvest. The ears are large, the clevels not only thick set, but well filled, many having five or six corns approaching to maturity.

Barley has greatly improved since our last month's report, but the crop upon those tenacious soils that are not drained, has still an indifferent appearance towards the furrows, and will scarcely have vigour enough to force the ear out of the hose. Upon all those soils where the water did not abound, the crop is most abundant, evincing to the farmer the importance of draining arable land.

Oats are more than an average crop, being large in the straw, and extremely well belled.

Beans have gone well off the bloom, and are uncommonly well podded where a proper interval was observed in the planting.

Peas, and the whole of the leguminous class, are well kidded, and will produce an abundance of halm.

The showery weather has been very congenial to the whole brassica tribe, which have been uncommonly free from the slug and caterpillar.

The early potatoes are a very productive crop, and if the produce of the roots have any affinity with the luxuriance of the tops, the late planted ones will produce more than an average crop.

The pastures abound in grass; and the hops have a promising appearance.

ALLEGORICAL WOOD-CUT, WITH PATTERNS OF BRITISH MANUFACTURE.

No. 1 and 2. A variegated check gingam, for the intermediate order of costume, or for the sea-side trowser or bathing-wrap. Plaitings of net-lace or scallopped flounces of plain muslin, are best appropriated to dresses of this order.

No. 3. The Wellington colonnade satin crape or gause, which may be had of the proprietors in the varied colours of the season. It is a perfectly novel article, and warranted as to its durability. It is the production of Thomas and Co. silk-mercers, Fleet-street; and may be purchased (as on par with their novel mode of doing business) at 3s. 6d. per yard; the general price to the fashionable world being 5s. 6d. per yard.

No. 4 is an article decidedly appropriated for gentlemen's waistcoats, and forms an agreeable contrast to the coat of any dark shade. We have seen the summer trowser composed of the article, but we think its glow a little premature. It is sold by its proprietor, Mr. Kesteven, man's-mercer, York-street, Covent-Garden.

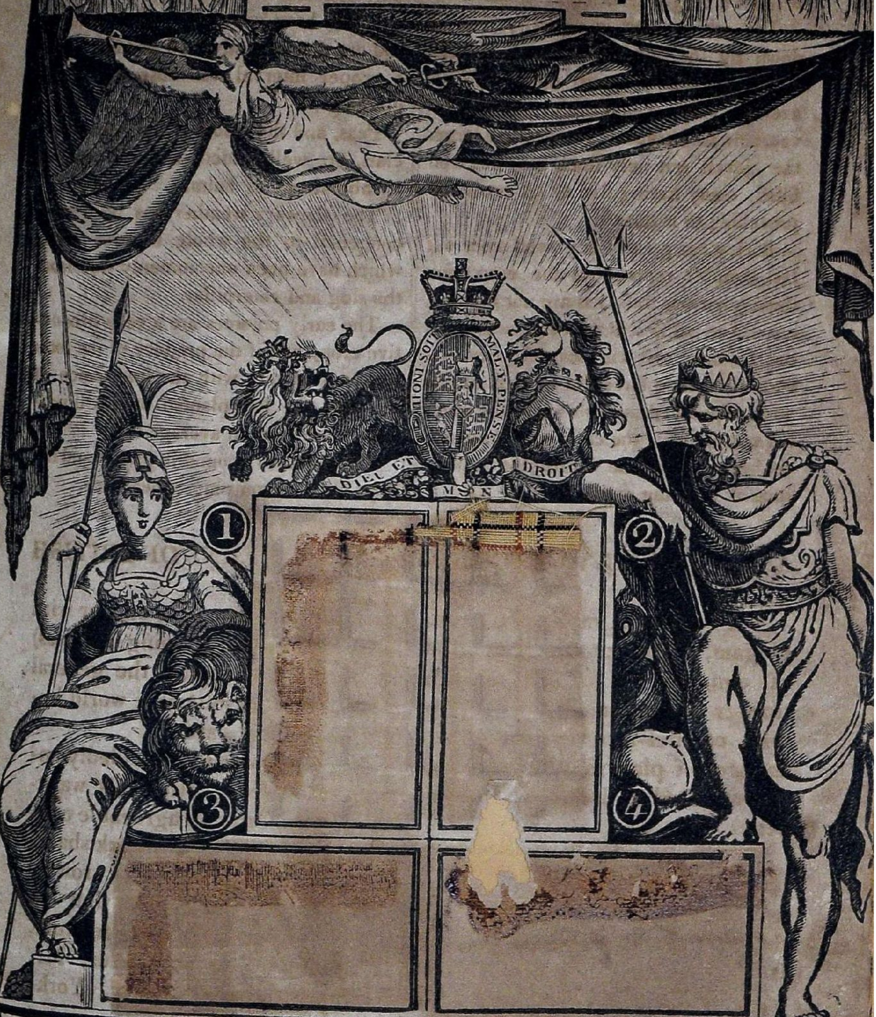
Poetry.

SONG,

Inscribed by an Irishman to a young Lady, a native of England.

Oh! Lady fair, delay awhile,
Nor yet forsake the Emerald Isle;—
For tho' thy native vales are dear,
A rich reward awaits thee here.—
The wretch reliev'd from deep distress,
Thy hallow'd name shall daily bless.—
Oh! Lady fair, delay a while,
Nor yet forsake the Emerald Isle.

No. LVI. *August*, 1813.



The Repository

Of Arts, Literature, Commerce, Manufactures, Fashions, and Politics.

MANUFACTURERS, Factors, and Dealers in Fancy Goods, that come within the scope of this Plan, are requested to send Patterns of such new Articles, as they come out; and if the requisites of Novelty, Fashion, and Elegance, are united, the quantity necessary for this Magazine will be ordered.

R. Ackermann, 101, *Strand, London.*

Plate 24. Vol.

NEEDLEWORK PATTERN

When on these hills thou first didst stray,
The framer of this feeble lay
Thy form beheld; but little knew
There dwelt a soul to feeling true,
A heart by gen'rous pity warm'd,
A mind for ev'ry virtue form'd.—
Oh! Lady fair, delay awhile,
Nor yet forsake the Emerald Isle.

I've seen thee leave the stately dome,
And seek pale Misery's joyless home;
The sufferer's frequent throb to calm
With hope's despair-subduing balm,
And o'er his anguish-loaded bed
The heavenly dew of comfort shed.—
Oh! Lady fair, delay awhile,
Nor yet forsake the Emerald Isle.

But as the heart, where'er we roam,
Prefers the dear delights of home;
When fond affection points the way,
No selfish thought shall urge thy stay:
Then go—may angels guide thee o'er
To Britain's sea-encircled shore.—
Yet, Lady! cast one placid smile
Behind, and bless the Emerald Isle!

GAELUS.

THE FADED ROSE.

By J. M. Lacey.

The rose was fresh, the rose was fair,
When Anna pluck'd the flow'r;
Its breath of fragrance fill'd the air,
So sweet its balmy pow'r.

She plac'd the blossom on her breast,
Mild Virtue's hallow'd throne;
Delighted there it seem'd to rest,
Unrivalled and alone!

But Anna sought the ball-room's maze;
The flow'ret wither'd there;
It sunk beneath night's art-form'd blaze,
In death supremely fair.

Thus Beauty's flow'r too oft decays,
If stain'd by Vice's breath;
So swiftly fly its beamy rays,
And lose their charms in death.

On an eminent Stone-Cutter, *in a country Town in the West of England, letting the front of his House to a young* Apothecary.

Thro' this town when I pass'd, so late as September,
A Stone-cutter then flourish'd here;
A shrewd, sensible blade, and, well I remember,
For gravestones renown'd far and near.

In the course of six months, it's curious I ween,
How tenants and tenements vary;
By pestle and mortar it plainly is seen,
Now here dwells an A-po-the cary.

But, good Master Freestone, I cannot divine,
Since with graves so close your alliance,
Why your mansion to one you freely resign,
Whose medicines set death at defiance.

With health-giving powders, and potions, and pills,
From the ravage of nature he saves;
Your pocket meantime mortality fills;—
You thrive by a number of graves.

Says a wag, who o'erheard, as he pass'd by the spot,
The Stranger's sagacious reflection,
'Twixt things nearly opposite oft is there not
Unseen, but immediate connection?

The Stone-cutter prudently dwells in the rear,
Still a shrewd and a sensible blade:
He pray'd the young Doctor rent-free to live here,
In hopes to increase his own trade.

Is it so? says the Stranger, 'tis droll I declare;
The moral's worth bearing in mind:
Of the *pestle* and *mortar*, good people, beware!
The *Stone-cutter's* waiting behind!

C. D.

Bath, July 1813.

SONNET,

Written while viewing the Waterfall of Pistyl Rhaidyr, in North Wales.

Nature, all hail! enraptur'd I behold
The varied scene of river, rock, and hill,
The bounding cataract, the winding rill,
The gentle streamlet and the current bold;
And here I view them all:—The Tannat pours
His rapid torrent down the blacken'd rock;
The wild-goat, fearless, hears the wa-t'ry shock,
And unmolested crops the mountain flowers.
And when the eagle from the cliff I scare,
While slowly wending up the craggy way,
She wings her flight across the scat-ter'd spray,
And soaring tow'rds the sky, screams shrill in air;
Or startled from her dizzy place of rest,
Hovers above the spot as loth to leave her nest.

J. H. R.

ON THE LOVE OF OUR COUNTRY.

Extracted from a Poem by Mr. Batson, of New College, Oxford; which obtained the Chancellor's prize in that University.

Poor is his triumph, and disgraced his name,
Who draws his sword for empire, wealth, or fame.
Tho' wealth be blown for him on ev'ry wind,
Tho' Fame proclaims him mightiest of mankind,
Tho' twice ten nations bend beneath his blade,
Virtue disowns him, and his honours fade.
For him no prayers are pour'd, no pæans sung,
No blessings chaunted from a nation's tongue:
Blood marks his path to his untimely bier;
The plaints of orphans and the widow's tear
Cry to high Heaven for vengeance on his head;
Alive detested, and accurs'd when dead.
Not so the Patriot Chief, who dar'd withstand
The base invader of his native land;
Who made her weal his noblest, only end,
Rul'd but to serve her, fought but to de-fend;
Her voice in council, and in war her sword,
Lov'd as her father, honour'd, and ador'd.
Dear is the tie that links the anxious sire
To the fond babes that prattle round the fire;
Dear is the tie that prompts the grateful youth
His sire's fond cares and drooping age to sooth:
Dear is the brother, sister, husband, wife,
Dear all the charities of social life;
Nor wants firm Friendship holy wreaths to bind
In mutual smypathy th' endearing mind:
Yet not the ties that dear affections move
To filial duty or parental love,
Not all the ties that kindred bosoms bind,
Not all in Friendship's holy wreaths en-twin'd,
Are half so strong, so potent to controul
The gen'rous workings of a Patriot's soul,
As is that voice divine, which cancels all
Those ties, and bids him for his Country fall:
At this high summons, with undaunted zeal,
He bares his breast, invites th' impending steel;
Smiles at the hand that deals the fatal blow,
Nor heaves one sigh for all he leaves below.

LONDON MARKETS.

Return of Wheat from June 28 to July 3.

Total, 9,639 quarters.—Average, 115s. 10¾d per quarter, or 1s. 3¼d. per quarter higher than last return.

Return of Flour from July 3 to 9.

Total, 16,277 sacks.—Average, 109s. 2½d. per sack, or 0s. 1d. per sack higher than last return.

Average of England and Wales, July 10.

	s	d		s	d		s	d
Wheat	115	11	Barley	57	4	Beans	81	8
Rye -	75	8	Oats -	42	1	Pease	85	6

CORN, SEEDS, &c.

	s.	s.	s.
Wheat white, per quarter	88	140	—
——red - -	84	134	—
——foreign	90	115	—
Rye - - -	44	60	—
Barley, English	40	55	—
Malt - - -	70	95	—
Oats Feed -	21	40	—
——Friezland	—	—	—
——Poland	24	50	—
——Potatoe	42	52	—
Beans, Pigeon	86	90	—
——Horse -	—	—	—
Pease, Boiling	90	112	—
——Grey -	74	84	—
Flour per sack	110	—	—
——Seconds	95	100	—
——Scotch	90	98	—

	s.	s.	s.
Tares, per bushel -	10	14	—
Turnip - -	18	24	—
Mustard, brown -	20	30	—
——white	12	24	—
Canary, per qr.	105	120	—
Hempseed -	50	56	—
Linseed - -	75	110	—
Clover, red, per cwt.	84	105	—
——white	94	133	—
——foreign, red	72	100	—
——white	90	140	—
Trefoil - -	10	48	—
Carraway -	74	82	—
Coriander -	38	48	—

American Flour — s a —s per barrel of 196lbs.
Rapeseed, per last - - - £38 a £42 a £44.
Oil Cakes, per thousand, £15. 0s. to £16 0s.

SUGAR, &c. per Cwt.

	s		s
Muscovade, fine	90	a	95
—— good	85	a	89
—— ordinary	80	a	84
East India, white	92	a	100
—— yellow	80	a	91
—— brown	80	a	91

Molasses 44s. 6d. a —s. 0d.

REFINED SUGAR.

Double Loaves	154	a	170
Hambro' ditto	128	a	136
Powder ditto	126	a	130
Single ditto	126	a	130
Canary Lumps	125	a	130
Large ditto	124	a	—
Bastards, whole	85	a	88
—— faces	88	a	94
—— middles	86	a	87
—— tips -	84	a	85

GINGER.

Jamaica, white	82	a	200
Barbadoes, ditto	75	a	80
—— black	70	a	75

RICE, *Bonded.*

Carolina -	24	a	26
Brazil - -	26	a	28

COFFEE, *Bonded.*

	s	d		s	d
Dominica, Surinam, &c.					
Fine -	75	0	a	85	0
Good	70	0	a	74	0
Ordinary	67	0	a	69	0
Triage	30	0	a	50	0
Jamaica.					
Fine -	75	0	a	85	0
Good	60	0	a	74	0
Ordinary	40	0	a	59	0
Triage	20	0	a	39	0
Mocha	300	0	a	600	0
Bourbon	90	0	a	120	0
St. Domingo	60	0	a	70	0
Java -	90	0	a	100	0

COCOA, *Bonded.*

Trinidad and Carraccas	90	0	a	100	0
Plantation	65	0	a	80	0

Spices and Pepper, per lb.

Nutmegs	18	0	a	24	0
Cloves	10	0	a	10	6
Cinnamon	10	6	a	11	6
Mace	36	0	a	42	0
Pepp. white	5	3	a	—	0
—— black	2	5	a	2	6
Pimento	2	0	a	—	0

Average price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of duty, 61s. 0¼d.

Very considerable business has been done in raw sugars this month, but at declining prices. In consequence of large orders from the Baltic for crashed sugars, the refined market has been nearly cleared of goods, at an advance of 2s. per cwt.

HOPS in the Borough.

Bags	£	s		£	s
Kent - -	8	0	a	11	0
Sussex - -	7	7	a	10	10
Essex - -	0	0	a	0	0

Pockets	£	s		£	s
Kent - -	9	9	a	13	13
Sussex - -	9	0	a	12	12
Farnham -	0	0	a	0	0

CORN, &c. per Quarter.

	July	Wheat. s		s	Barley. s		s	Oats. s		s	Beans. s		s	Peas. s		s
Newcastle	10	70	a	126	44	a	52	40	a	48	—	a	—	90	a	110
Northampton	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Canterbury	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Lewes	17	124	a	128	—	a	—	44	a	48	80	a	86	—	a	—
Chesterfield	10	96	a	122	—	a	—	40	a	64	96	a	—	88	a	—
Ashborne	10	116	a	128	—	a	—	40	a	50	88	a	112	—	a	—
Guildford	17	—	a	—	60	a	—	44	a	52	80	a	88	—	a	—
Gainsboro'	13	110	a	114	38	a	55	28	a	40	88	a	96	—	a	—
Louth	14	100	a	105	38	a	45	30	a	36	75	a	80	—	a	—
Huntingdon	10	99	a	115	—	a	—	30	a	42	52	a	66	—	a	—
Newark	14	110	a	120	—	a	—	40	a	50	80	a	88	—	a	—
Spilsby	12	100	a	112	44	a	58	35	a	45	—	a	—	—	a	—
Ryegate	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Devizes	15	104	a	132	46	a	65	40	a	48	70	a	104	—	a	—
Reading	17	95	a	141	51	a	56	43	a	51	72	a	83	—	a	—
Swansea	14	121	a	—	56	a	—	37	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Henley	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Maidenhead	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Salisbury	13	102	a	124	30	a	62	32	a	50	80	a	116	—	a	—
Penrith	13	102	a	—	54	a	—	40	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Hull	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Basingstoke	14	126	a	136	50	a	55	38	a	49	76	a	80	—	a	—
Wakefield	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Andover	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Warminster	17	104	a	128	44	a	64	40	a	48	70	a	90	—	a	—

SPIRITS, *per Gallon (exclusive of duty).*

	s	d		s	d
Brandy, Cog.	8	9	a	9	6
—— Spanish	5	0	a	5	2
Hollands Gin	8	0	a	8	6
Rum, Jamaica	4	6	a	6	9
—— Lew. Isl.	3	8	a	4	6

	s	d		s	d
Mol. Spirits, British	13	10	a	14	0
—— Irish -	0	0	a	0	0
—— Scotch	0	0	a	0	0
Spirits of Wine	24	0	a	0	0

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR JUNE, 1813.

Conducted, at Manchester, by THOMAS HANSON, *Esq.*

1813. JUNE.	*Wind.*	*Pressure.* *Max.*	*Min.*	*Mean.*	*Temperature.* *Max.*	*Min.*	*Mean.*	*Weather.*	*Evap.*	*Rain*
1	N W 1	30,20	30,14	30,170	73,0°	51,0°	62,00°	brilliant	.160	
2	N E 2	30,20	30,10	30,150	73,0	54,0	63,50	brilliant	.165	
3	E 3	30,38	30,20	30,290	65,0	54,0	59,50	fine	.110	
4	W 2	30,38	30,20	30,290	65,0	52,0	58,50	fine	.105	
☾ 5	E 2	30,20	30,00	30,100	61,0	48,0	54,50	fine	.086	
6	N E 2	30,00	29,80	29,900	56,0	47,0	51,50	fine	.084	
7	E 2	29,88	29,80	29,840	67,0	47,0	57,00	brilliant	.130	
8	Var. 1	29,85	29,60	29,725	70,0	49,0	59,50	brilliant	.110	
9	E 2	29,60	29,40	29,500	70,0	52,0	61,00	brilliant	.120	
10	S E 2	29,65	29,40	29,525	72,0	55,0	63,50	brilliant	.140	.010
11	S E 2	29,75	29,65	29,700	77,0	55,0	66,00	brilliant	.190	
12	S W 3	29,85	29,75	29,800	71,0	58,0	64,50	variable	.155	
13	W 3	30,05	29,85	29,950	73,0	50,0	61,50	variable	.165	.250
○ 14	S W 1	30,05	29,67	29,860	70,0	54,0	62,00	rainy	.100	.040
15	S W 1	29,88	29,67	29,775	64,0	53,0	58,50	rainy	.060	.535
16	W 2	30,07	29,88	29 975	63,0	45,0	58,00	gloomy	.050	—
17	Var. 2	30,12	30,07	30,095	59,0	46,0	52,50	rainy	.075	.250
18	N 2	30,30	30,12	30,210	60,0	41,0	50,50	rainy	.079	.215
19	N W 2	30,30	30,30	30,300	62,0	43,0	52,50	cloudy	.071	
20	W 2	30,38	30,38	30,380	62,0	47,0	54,00	brilliant	.079	
☽ 21	W 1	30,40	30,38	30,390	63,0	49,0	56,00	variable	.096	
22	N W 1	30,48	30,40	30,440	62,0	52,0	57,00	brilliant	.110	.060
23	W 1	30,40	30,30	30,350	66,0	44,0	55,00	gloomy	.080	
24	Var. 1	30,48	30,40	30,440	62,0	52,0	57,00	gloomy	.065	
25	S E 1	30,48	30,45	30,465	68,0	53,0	60,50	gloomy	.095	
26	S 1	30,45	30,45	30,450	74,0	48,0	61,00	brilliant	.136	
27	S W 1	30,45	30,25	30,350	74,0	53,0	63,50	brilliant	.144	
● 28	N E 1	30,25	29,90	30,075	71,0	52,0	61,50	brilliant	.156	
29	S E 1	29,90	29,64	29,770	70,0	51,0	60,50	brilliant	.100	.045
30	Var. 1	29,64	29,45	29,545	66,0	53,0	59,50	variable	.070	.530
			Mean	30,060		*Mean*	58,75		3,285	1,935

RESULTS.

Mean monthly pressure, 30.060—maximum, 30.48, wind var. 1.—Minimum, 29.40, wind E 1. —Range, 1,08 inch.

The greatest variation of pressure in 24 hours, is .40 of an in. which was on the 14th.

Mean temperature, 58°.75.—Maximum, 77°, wind S. E. 2—Min. 41°, wind N. 2—Range 36.

The greatest variation of temperature in 24 hours is 26°, which was on the 26th.

Spaces described by the barometer, 4,95 inches Number of changes, 12.

Total quantity of water evaporated, 3,285 inches.

Rain, &c. this month, 1,935 inch.—Number of wet days, 9.—Total rain this year, 13,865 inches.

WIND.

N	N E	E	S E	S	S W	W	N W	Variable.	Calm.
1	3	4	4	1	4	6	3	4	0

Brisk winds 2—Boisterous ones 0.

The present period commenced with very warm and brilliant weather; the maximum temperature occurred on the 11th, when the force of evaporation became very vigorous, for near two tenths of an inch was raised in twenty four hours. This state soon changed to gloomy and cloudy; and rain fell in frequent showers to the 18th.—On the 13th there were sudden and very heavy showers of rain, accompanied with hail from the west; the wind blew strong at the time. From the 18th to the 27th the weather was fine, with a high and settled state of the barometer; when the atmosphere gradually lost nearly an inch of pressure. On the 30th very copious showers of rain fell. Mean temperature four degrees higher than May.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR JUNE, 1813.

Conducted by Mr. J. Gibson, Laboratory, Stratford, Essex.

1813 JUNE.	Wind.	Pressure. Max.	Min.	Mean.	Temperature. Max.	Min.	Mean.	Weather.	Evap.	Rain.
1	E	30,09	30,04	30,065	85°	50°	67,5°	fine	—	
2	N E	30,04	29,98	30,010	84	55	69,5	fine	—	
3	N W	30,20	30,04	30,120	72	48	60,0	cloudy	—	—
4	N W	30,20	30,00	30,100	65	48	56,5	fine	—	
☾ 5	N W	30,00	29,88	29,940	58	46	52,0	clouds	.59	—
6	N E	29,88	29,80	29,840	56	46	51,0	cloudy	—	—
7	N E	29,85	29,80	29,825	71	40	55,5	fine	—	
8	N E	29,80	29,67	29,735	75	44	59,5	fine	—	
9	E	29,65	29,60	29,625	78	54	66,0	showers	—	—
10	N W	29,90	29,65	29.775	71	51	61,0	fine	.58	
11	W	29,90	29,87	29,885	78	50	64,0	fine	—	
12	S E	30,07	29,87	29,970	79	49	64,0	fine	.42	—
13	W	30,08	30,07	30,075	69	52	60,5	cloudy	—	—
○ 14	S W	30,07	29,78	29,925	67	52	59,5	cloudy	—	.11
15	S W	29,98	29,78	29,880	67	46	56,5	showers	—	.26
16	N W	30,04	29,98	30,010	63	44	53,5	clouds	.56	—
17	Var.	30,09	30,04	30,065	61	43	52,0	showers	—	.30
18	N	30,15	30,09	30,120	61	39	50,0	cloudy	—	—
19	N	30,16	30,15	30,155	57	37	47,0	clouds	.24	—
20	N E	30,20	30,16	30,180	60	42	51,0	cloudy	—	
☽ 21	N E	30,24	30,20	30,220	61	44	52,5	cloudy	—	
22	N	30,26	30,24	30,250	62	37	49,5	clouds	.20	
23	N E	30,24	30,18	30,210	70	48	59,0	fine	—	
24	N	30,25	30,18	30,215	64	46	55,0	cloudy	—	—
25	E	30,25	30,25	30,250	73	46	59,5	fine	—	
26	N E	30,25	30,17	30,210	74	45	59,5	fine	.41	
27	N W	30,17	30,08	30,125	76	44	60,0	fine	—	
● 28	N E	30,08	29,90	29,990	70	52	61,0	cloudy	—	—
29	S	29,90	29,78	29,840	75	50	62,5	cloudy	—	—
30	S W	29,78	29,75	29,765	62	51	56,5	rainy	.31	.83
			Mean	30,012		Mean	57,7	Total	3,31in.	1.50in

RESULTS.—Prevailing winds, northerly. — Mean height of barometer, 30,012 inches; highest observation, 30,26 inches; lowest, 29,60 inches.—Mean height of thermometer, 57,7°.—highest observation, 85°—lowest, 37°.—Total of evaporation, 3,31 inch. — Rain 1,50 in.—in another gauge, 1,49 inch.

Notes.—3d. Thunder clouds in the N. W. in the afternoon.—9th. Cloudy morning.—28th. Frequent lightning in the morning with distant thunder and slight showers.—29th. A thunder storm to the westward about noon.—30th. Very rainy day.

Prices of Fire-Office, Mine, Dock, Canal, Water-Works, Brewery, and Public Institution Shares, &c. &c. for JULY, 1813.

Albion Fire and Life Assurance	£45 per sh.	
Globe Ditto	103 do.	
Eagle Ditto	£2 10s. do. dis.	
London Dock Stock	£101 per ct.	
West India Ditto	145 do.	
East India Ditto	110 do.	
East London Waterworks	£63 pr. sh.	
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Kent Ditto	56 10s. do.	
West Middlesex Ditto	40 do.	
Grand Junction Canal	205 a 200 do.	
Birmingham Ditto	545 do.	
Coventry Canal	£800	per sh.
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Ellesmere Ditto	66	do.
Huddersfield Ditto	12	do.
Croydon Ditto	16	do.
Erewash Ditto	800	do.
Leeds and Liverpool Ditto	204 a 205	do.
Wilts and Berks Ditto	18	do.
London Institution	45	do.
Surry Ditto	13 5s.	do.
London Commission Sale-Rooms	£41	do.
Covent-Garden Theatre	400	do.

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June 21	—	Shut.	$56\frac{1}{4}$	$71\frac{1}{8}$	$87\frac{1}{2}$	$14\frac{3}{16}$	$4\frac{3}{4}$ *Pm.*	—	—	—	Shut	—	Shut	4 *Dis.*	3 *Pm.*	£22. 15.	$57\frac{5}{8}$a$\frac{3}{8}$
22	—	—	56	$71\frac{1}{8}$	$87\frac{3}{8}$	$14\frac{1}{16}$	4 *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	3 *Dis.*	3 *Pm.*		$57\frac{1}{2}$a$\frac{1}{4}$
23	214	—	$56\frac{1}{4}$	$71\frac{1}{8}$	$87\frac{3}{8}$	$14\frac{1}{8}$	$4\frac{1}{4}$ *Pm.*	$54\frac{3}{4}$	—	—	—	—	—	3 *Dis.*	2 *Pm.*		$57\frac{1}{2}$a$\frac{3}{8}$
24	—	—	$56\frac{1}{8}$	$71\frac{1}{8}$	$87\frac{1}{2}$	—	$4\frac{1}{8}$ *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	3 *Dis.*	2 *Pm.*		$57\frac{1}{2}$
25	—	—	$56\frac{1}{8}$	$71\frac{1}{8}$	$87\frac{1}{2}$	$14\frac{1}{8}$	$4\frac{1}{4}$ *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	$55\frac{1}{2}$	—	4 *Dis.*	2 *Pm.*		$57\frac{7}{8}$a$\frac{3}{4}$
26	—	—	$56\frac{1}{8}$	$71\frac{1}{8}$	$87\frac{1}{2}$	$14\frac{1}{8}$	$4\frac{1}{4}$ *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	4 *Dis.*	1 *Pm.*		$57\frac{1}{2}$a$\frac{3}{4}$
28	—	—	$56\frac{3}{8}$	$71\frac{1}{4}$	$87\frac{5}{8}$	$14\frac{3}{16}$	$4\frac{3}{4}$ *Pm*	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	*Par.*		$57\frac{3}{4}$a58
29	Hol.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—		—
30	$213\frac{1}{2}$	—	$56\frac{5}{8}$	$71\frac{1}{2}$	88	$14\frac{3}{16}$	5 *Pm.*	$54\frac{5}{8}$	$4\frac{1}{8}$	—	—	—	—	3 *Dis.*	*Par.*		$57\frac{7}{8}$a$8\frac{1}{8}$
July 1	215	—	$56\frac{5}{8}$	$71\frac{1}{2}$	88	$14\frac{1}{4}$	$5\frac{1}{8}$ *Pm.*	—	$4\frac{3}{16}$	—	—	—	—	2 *Dis.*	1 *Pm.*		$58\frac{1}{8}$a$7\frac{7}{8}$
2	—	—	$56\frac{5}{8}$	$71\frac{3}{8}$	$88\frac{1}{8}$	$14\frac{1}{4}$	5 *Pm.*	$55\frac{3}{8}$	—	—	—	—	—	*Par.*	3 *Pm.*		$57\frac{3}{4}$a$8\frac{1}{8}$
3	—	—	$56\frac{3}{4}$	$71\frac{3}{4}$	$88\frac{3}{8}$	$14\frac{1}{4}$	$5\frac{1}{2}$ *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	*Par.*	4 *Pm.*		58a$\frac{1}{4}$
5	—	—	$56\frac{3}{4}$	$71\frac{7}{8}$	$88\frac{3}{8}$	$14\frac{1}{4}$	$5\frac{3}{8}$ *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	*Par.*	5 *Pm.*		$58\frac{1}{4}$a8
6	215	$56\frac{3}{8}$ a $\frac{5}{8}$	$56\frac{3}{4}$	$71\frac{7}{8}$	$85\frac{7}{8}$	$14\frac{1}{4}$	$5\frac{1}{4}$ *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	$56\frac{1}{2}$	—	*Par.*	5 *Pm.*		58a$\frac{1}{4}$
7	—	$56\frac{3}{8}$ a $\frac{1}{2}$	$56\frac{3}{4}$	$71\frac{7}{8}$	$85\frac{7}{8}$	$14\frac{1}{4}$	$5\frac{1}{4}$ *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	*Par.*	5 *Pm.*		58a$\frac{1}{8}$
8	—	$56\frac{5}{8}$ a $\frac{3}{8}$	$56\frac{3}{4}$	72	86	$14\frac{1}{4}$	$5\frac{1}{4}$ *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	*Par.*	5 *Pm.*		58a$\frac{1}{8}$
9	—	$56\frac{1}{4}$ a $\frac{1}{2}$	$56\frac{5}{8}$	72	86	$14\frac{1}{4}$	$5\frac{1}{8}$ *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	*Par.*	5 *Pm.*		58a$7\frac{7}{8}$
10	—	$56\frac{1}{2}$ a $\frac{3}{8}$	$56\frac{3}{4}$	72	86	$14\frac{1}{4}$	$5\frac{1}{8}$ *Pm*	—	$4\frac{1}{8}$	—	—	—	—	*Par.*	5 *Pm.*		58a$7\frac{7}{8}$
12	—	$56\frac{1}{4}$ a $\frac{1}{2}$	$56\frac{5}{8}$	72	$85\frac{7}{8}$	$14\frac{1}{4}$	5 *Pm.*	$55\frac{3}{8}$	—	—	—	—	—	*Par.*	5 *Pm.*		58a$7\frac{7}{8}$
13	218	$56\frac{1}{2}$ a $\frac{1}{4}$	$56\frac{5}{8}$	$72\frac{1}{8}$	86	$14\frac{1}{4}$	5 *Pm.*	—	—	—	$60\frac{1}{8}$	—	—	*Par.*	4 *Pm.*		58a$7\frac{3}{4}$
14	218	56 a $\frac{1}{8}$	$56\frac{1}{2}$	$71\frac{7}{8}$	$85\frac{3}{4}$	$14\frac{3}{16}$	$4\frac{5}{8}$ *Pm.*	—	$4\frac{1}{8}$	—	—	56	—	2 *Dis.*	3 *Pm.*		$57\frac{5}{8}$a$\frac{3}{8}$
15	$218\frac{1}{2}$	$56\frac{1}{8}$ a $\frac{3}{8}$	$56\frac{5}{8}$	$71\frac{7}{8}$	$85\frac{7}{8}$	$14\frac{1}{4}$	$4\frac{7}{8}$ *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	$165\frac{1}{4}$	3 *Dis.*	2 *Pm.*		$57\frac{5}{8}$a$\frac{7}{8}$
16	219	56 a $\frac{1}{2}$	$56\frac{7}{8}$	$72\frac{1}{8}$	$86\frac{1}{8}$	$14\frac{1}{4}$	$5\frac{1}{4}$ *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	2 *Dis.*	3 *Pm.*	August	$56\frac{7}{8}$a$7\frac{1}{8}$
17	—	$56\frac{3}{4}$ a $\frac{1}{2}$	57	$72\frac{1}{2}$	$86\frac{3}{8}$	$14\frac{5}{16}$	$5\frac{3}{8}$ *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	2 *Dis.*	3 *Pm.*		$57\frac{1}{4}$a$\frac{1}{2}$
19	—	$56\frac{5}{8}$ a $\frac{3}{8}$	$56\frac{7}{8}$	$72\frac{3}{8}$	$86\frac{1}{4}$	$14\frac{5}{16}$	$5\frac{1}{4}$ *Pm.*	—	$4\frac{3}{16}$	—	—	$56\frac{7}{8}$	—	2 *Dis.*	1 *Pm.*		57a$\frac{1}{4}$
20	—	$56\frac{5}{8}$ a $\frac{3}{8}$	$56\frac{7}{8}$	$72\frac{3}{8}$	$86\frac{1}{4}$	$14\frac{5}{16}$	$5\frac{1}{4}$ *Pm.*	$55\frac{1}{4}$	$4\frac{3}{16}$	—	—	—	—	3 *Dis.*	1 *Pm.*		$57\frac{1}{8}$a$\frac{1}{4}$

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